

# The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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## LIFE AND DEATH.

Vivid Presentation.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

A man to tell how human life began  
and for who himself beginning knew?"  
—Milton.

die is but landing on some other shore,  
the billows never break, nor tempests roar;  
well we feel the friendly stroke, the o'er;  
—Garth.

In a recent lecture in which profound thought was clothed in sublime eloquence, Hon. A. B. French said: "Theater mystery of life is not beyond the grave, but before the cradle." Here the ever-tongued orator epitomized the pale philosophy of conscious existence in one glowing sentence. Like the labors of a mathematical problem, the sole of a demonstrable proposition is concentrated in a few undying words that should be written in golden letters in the minds of men. Here is clearly set a self-evident fact that should found the materialistic agnostic who sees the possibility of all life and its potentialities in the potentialities of matter; he who sees nothing beyond the dark end of death but an endless oblivion. We all know that our personal individual consciousness once did not exist; it came from the force of natural law that manifest an infinite design, from the grandeur of the design we can contemplate and estimate the importance of the designer. We logically reason that a continued existence is more wonderful than the fact that now live.

Huxley, the great scientific Materialist says: "In the interest of scientific truth I object to saying that I have a theory, when all I mean is that my organism has certain mental functions that are dependent on its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; I object still more to affirming that ok to a future life, when all I mean is the influence of my doings and ills will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical proponents of that organism are scattered to the four winds."

This is the glorious belief of materialism! With what noble ambitions should inspire the human soul. Why, the tides and weeds by the wayside, if they were sentient and had the power speech, could say the same. We live, say they, to scatter our seeds, that in the future they may take root and grow, in their turn scattering their seeds, a perpetual curse to the fields of the husbandman. This is the immortality of the materialists. They assert that we live because once upon a time the fourteen or sixteen elements combined in our organism, by an identical or an affinitive aggregation made the primordial cells that in ages culminated in the human body. Although these elements in themselves had no intelligence—only chemical activity—yet by their combination they produced thought and reason, and begot the human soul, which in turn, and in like manner, begot others; thus was man, mentally and physically, formed of dust of the earth. If science has truly tested this absurd proposition, it would have been much better for our race if once had never been born, and that had remained ignorant of his ignoble origin.

The absurdity of this proposition of materialism is so apparent that one wonders that it could have ever been entertained by a sane mind.

Observe! The sexes in animal life are necessary to reproduction, and after Huxley's combination of matter had produced an Adam, how did an identical or an affinitive aggregation of the same elements make an Eve?

Or how long did the Adams of earth live bachelors before their wives were created? and how was the process of their reproduction carried on? If the same cause was at work among primordial atoms at the same time, why was not man or woman alone the sole product of their designless ingenuity? Observe!

According to the materialist there was no designer, but affinity; no design but the result of accident, and yet out of the same elements were created two beings different forms and constitutions, both being absolutely necessary to the phenomena of reproduction. When and how the differentiation of the sexes which exists not only in the fauna but the flora of earth life. The mystery of the sexes is as great as that of life itself, for in its hidden depths are the crests of generation and the production of only living organisms from inanimate matter, but, also the law that transmits the mental and physical characteristics of the parents to their children. Verily is it true that "The mothers eating sour grapes shall set the children's teeth on edge, and that nature never gathers grapes from thorns, nor diggs from thistles." It is true that Huxley does not assert that a combination of elementary matter constructed man as he now is, yet in the logic of cause and effect it is the same. He contends that an accidental affinitive grouping of ultimate atoms of senseless matter first manifested life in primordial cells and protoplasm; that this form of early life begat the law of selection that controlled it, until under the law of evolution the sexes were developed, and that both the animal and the vegetable kingdoms were governed by its decrees. That is—the being created its creator; the design the designer, and accidentally the innate potentiality of matter constructed two distinct forms of animal life, only through and by means of which

other life could be begotten, and thus was the earth peopled with living beings.

The chemical elements of nature must have existed before they were formed into organisms, and so did thought and intelligence before it was manifested through the nervous organization of the brain, for the brain itself must have been the result of design, which presupposes a designer, which in turn presupposes the existence of an infinite mind, the God of the universe.

We deprecate the bigotry of theological creeds, yet is Science often more bigoted in its assertions, more dogmatic in its claims and more arrogant in its demands. All scientific demonstrations are predicated on facts. All facts are made evident to us through our senses and true science but seeks to know the cause and laws that govern them. Millions of facts that are the subjects of scientific investigation are as well known to the farmer and laborer as to the sage or scientist, and they are as competent to testify to them. The husbandman knows that the planted seed is the parent of the ripening grain, and what more does the scientist know than this. The chemist may talk learnedly of carbon, oxygen and nitrogen, the elements that enter into the composition of the seed, but what does he know of the mysterious law of reproduction that begets vegetative life. The botanist may with seeming erudition talk of calyx and corolla, of pistil, petal and pericarp; of radix and receptacle; but what does he know of the inner mysteries of plant life more than the plowman or gardener? What does science know of the secret effects of the pollen of one plant falling upon another, or why the flowers kiss each other's painted lips in conjugal embrace? Who can tell why the corn tassel bows in loving recognition of the silken ear below, and why the dust of its sexual love fructifies the growing grain?

It is possible that all the laws that cause and control the infinite variety of physical phenomena are innate in atoms, and that in the vast universe there is naught but matter and its potentialities; that senseless matter can beget thought and reason; that being dumb it can evolve the music of song or the glowing powers of oratory; that having no consciousness it is the projector of conscience; it having no perception it demonstrates the problems of Euclid, and that although emotionless it is the parent of all the loves and friendships that cluster around home and the fireside? Then, too, in the last drama of life does matter weep in sorrow that "dust is returned to dust," while the sentient ego of the living man is annihilated, and the elements of the soul dissipated like the baseless fabric of a vision. Is it true in the logic of life, and intellect, with their apparent future possibilities, that there is nothing but annihilation, and that on this earth man has lived, labored and loved in vain? Are all our noble ambitions and intellectual acquirments of that which cannot feel, think or reason? Surely scientific demonstration has never proven such a monstrous and absurd proposition. It is but the vagaries of scientific insanity that "much learning hath made mad." Surely mental consciousness and life must have existed before the cradle in the eternal laws of the unknown intellectual realm, or they were created of nothing in the foetal embryo of organic beings. There must have been matter before organ, force before function, and intellectual design before force, or all the harmony of the universe could synthetically be resolved into chaos, and when so resolved there would be no power to bring form and order out of unthinking, unreasoning atoms.

To the reflective mind there must be a realm of intellect as there is a kingdom of matter, and the whole is but the thought of that Being,

"Whose body nature is and God the soul."

The eternity of matter is not more evident than is that of mind, and while science has demonstrated that all combinations of atoms must in time become disintegrated and dissipated, yet it has never asserted from a scientific basis that this is the fate of intellect or the soul of man. We know, then, that our sentient ego now exists, and we know of no innate laws of its being that will destroy it. Add, then, to this the longings of the human soul, the unconfined limitless powers of the human intellect, and consider that the power that gave us life can continue it, and blind indeed is he who can not see the probabilities of an immortal life. Add to this the absolute proof of spiritual phenomena, the demonstrated fact that the intellect and the minds of those called dead yet live and love us as they did on earth, with the positive proof of their personal identity and presence in our midst, and who can doubt that the life that lived before the cradle must and does survive the darkness of the grave; that our several identities, although crystallized into our personalities at or before our birth, yet in accordance with the unchanging laws of evolution will continue to live through all the ages of eternity.

The power that gave us life can continue it, and when that power has implanted in the human soul a dread of annihilation and a longing for immortality, it would be inconsistent with the attributes of nature's God to create desires never to be gratified, and hopes and anticipations never to be realized. As Cato said to Plato—

"It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well!—Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality!"

Or whence this secret dread, or inward horror, Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction? 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us; 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter, And intimates eternity to man."

## ST. COLUMBUS.

### Unpleasant Truths About Columbus.

FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED AS YOU SEE HIS STATUE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

TO THE EDITOR:—In a recent editorial in the Chicago Tribune some very unsavory truths were told in reference to Columbus, who has been canonized by the Romish church, setting forth that the determination of the United States to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America has reawakened public interest in the life of its discoverer, and has led to the publication of a mass of Columbian literature. One of the most valuable contributions is the recent life of Columbus, by Justin Winsor, which is reviewed in the April number of the Dial, by William F. Poole. The reviewer seems to accept the conclusions of the author, which are in substance that Columbus was an exceedingly overrated man.

Biographers like Irving slurred over the bad points in the life of the Admiral, following the example of the pious son of Noah. The tendency of modern historians often is to go to the other extreme—to extirpate on all the evil actions of the man, and judge them by the standard of to-day, though his contemporaries might have viewed them with much placidity. It appears, for instance, that Columbus deserted the wife he married in Portugal and the children he had by her, and took up with a Spanish woman, by whom he had an illegitimate son. In the life of Columbus, alleged to be written by the son, it is stated before he was a discoverer he was a pirate, preying upon Venetian commerce. But these things have nothing to do with Columbus' merits as a discoverer.

Mr. Poole, commenting on Mr. Winsor, says further:

"It had been well for the reputation of Columbus if he had died in 1493, when he returned from his first voyage. He had found a pathway to a land beyond the Western ocean; and although he had no conception of what he had discovered, it was the most important event in the history of the fifteenth century. His three later voyages were miserable failures, a pitiful record of misfortunes, blunders, cruelties, moral delinquencies, quarrels and impotent complainings. They added nothing to the fund of human knowledge, or to his own."

There is much truth in this, but the cruelties and moral delinquencies of Columbus were largely those of his time, which was not an angelic one. It is also true, as stated by the reviewer, that "the learning of Columbus has been greatly overrated." The fact that the world was a sphere was known to the most enlightened of the ancients, and many intelligent men believed in its sphericity at the time Columbus sailed. The church, however, taught otherwise, and the mass of the people sided with the church. Mr. Poole says:

"Columbus did believe that the earth was a sphere, and that by sailing west he could reach Asia. This was a common belief long before Columbus sailed;

but nobody had the courage or foolhardiness to attempt the voyage.

"A 'crank' who had the requisite qualities was needed to test the theory, and he was found in Columbus.

"The discovery of a new world was a most fortunate accident. It was the outcome of an innate and blind audacity in taking unknown risks and perils, rather than of premeditation, scientific insight, and ratiocination."

It would be equally correct to say that Columbus saw the great commercial advantages which would result from the discovery of a Western route to Asia, which was a feasible one, if the theories of the scientists were true, and that he had sufficient faith in their truth to make the attempt. With him it was a matter of money-making. If he succeeded he expected to get a rich reward. Many others since him have wagered their lives and fortunes on the truth of theories. The rough-and-ready rule, and perhaps the best one, is to praise them when they succeed, and laugh at them when they fail, and not to ascribe their triumphs to good luck or their defeats to bad.

It is certain that if Columbus had not discovered America in 1492, it would have been discovered soon after by some one else. It is reasonably certain that, owing to the defective geographical knowledge of the period, whoever first sighted America would have thought he had reached Asia. It may be said also with equal truth that if Vasco da Gama had not sailed to India, some other Portuguese would. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Columbus was to all intents and purposes the discoverer of America, and that he made his voyage, not because he loved perils, not to verify, in the interests of abstract truth, the theories of philosophers, but because he believed, on deliberate reflection, that it would be a money-making enterprise. His morals were shocking, his cruelty deplorable, his motives selfish, his ignorance great, his greed profound, and yet it cannot be denied that the permanent settlement of this hemisphere by white men was begun by Columbus.

Let everybody bear these cogent statements in mind in reference to Columbus, and let the Catholic church have the

honor which flows from a man with such a record. The fact that he discovered America does not atone for the evil that at one time he was a pirate.

JUS TICE.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

It is Critically Analyzed.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is a problem which has disturbed many minds to find out just what Christian Science is. Many of the books written on the subject are rambling discourses on all sorts of topics, incomprehensible to the common mind. The various teachers of the school are conflicting and contradicting in their statements, and no intelligent synopsis of the subject has been made by anybody so as to make it understood. The name is at least an unfortunate one. There are two sorts of science—pure and applied. Pure science is a knowledge of causes, powers and law of nature. It is in the abstract. Applied science is defined to mean: Knowledge, information; the knowledge and understanding of truth, ascertained facts; that which is known; the phenomena of nature as expressed or accounted for. What the word Christian means in connection with either of these is the mystery. If it means the science of the Christian religion, it is a most patent absurdity, for the word is wholly inapplicable and out of place when applied to this conglomerate mass of superstitions. There can be no such thing as the science of applied Christianity, for with a hundred different creeds and ten thousand different interpretations of these creeds; with trivial contests and controversies among all classes of Christians on the simplest principles, there is no settled, definite knowledge, and consequently can be no such thing as science about it. If Christian Science is the science of Christ, it may be replied that Christ was a teacher of morals and ethics, and not in any sense a scientist. If to learn what morals Christ taught and what ethical principles he laid down, may probably be characterized as scientific, there may be some excuse for the use of the word, but otherwise it is absolutely without any meaning whatever. But we need not quibble about mere words; if the disciples of this new school have learned for what purpose Christ came upon the earth and what his example really meant for man, and set about teaching their fellow-beings the necessity of imitating his life and example and practicing what they preached, they would be doing some good in the world and we should honor them for it. But what are the facts? They begin by setting up as teachers themselves. The original teachers, by putting a high price on their services, gave out to the world that they had something to impart which was worth money, and that by taking that something, money could be made out of it. The life and morals of Christ, as well as his lessons, were exceedingly simple. When he said: "Love one another," it did not take him four weeks and twenty-four lessons to explain what he meant, nor did he charge his followers three hundred shekels for his lectures; but he just said: "Love one another," and everybody understood what he meant; and the same thing is true of every word Christ spoke, and of every lesson that he taught.

What do these people do? They commence by laying down a lot of the most absurd propositions and instructing their students that a belief in them is the first step toward the great acquisition. For instance, they say: "God is spirit; there is nothing in the universe but spirit; there is no such thing as matter. What we suppose to be matter is but an expression of spirit and you must affirm this. We have no bodies; that which we think is a body is but another manifestation of spirit, is spirit, and as you cannot injure or destroy spirit, there can be no such thing as disease or pain, the latter being an illusion of the mortal mind. "Just think you have no disease or pain, and you have none; it is just as easy to think one way as the other." There are kindred propositions of equivalent rationality, and explained with a profusion of verbal mystification, until the credulous listener exclaims: "What a wonderful thing is Christian Science! How deep! how profound!"

And so it goes through a whole course of lectures, only to be repeated in another; an advanced course for which another round sum is charged and paid; and when they are through, what have they gotten? Any new truth, anything the world did not know before? Not an atom,—not an item.

GEO. A. SCHUFELDT.

She Was a Believer.

"Do you believe in the efficacy of prayer, Aunt Chloe?" asked a young minister from the North of an old Georgia colored woman.

"Deed I does, boss," she replied fervently. "Deed I does, an' w'en my ol' man was tuck up fer stealin' Cunnel Brown's pullets I jes' got down on my hunkers an' prayed an' prayed all ebenin' dat dem ossefis wouldn't come pokin' rou'n my kitchen huntin' for chicken feathers, an' fo' de good Lawd, boss, nary one never come nigh. Deed dey didn't, boss."—Detroit Free Press.

Whether exactly the same rule would be applied to the case of the Christian

## IS FAITHCURE LEGAL?

The Stebbins Case, Where a Woman Died Through Neglect.

Christian Scientists Probably Beyond the Reach of Courts.

IT HAS BEEN HELD THAT QUACKS MAY LEGALLY KILL PATIENTS IF THEY DO IT IN IGNORANCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—The action of the coroner's jury [says the Chicago Evening Journal] in holding Mrs. Stebbins, the Christian Scientist, to the grand jury, raises the very important question of whether a Christian Scientist, acting in good faith, and exercising diligence in the mind or faith cure, can be held responsible for the death of the patient.

It is a well-settled rule of criminal law that criminal negligence, causing the death of the patient, may amount to manslaughter, but negligence and ignorance in such cases do not imply the same. Negligence implies a possession of knowledge regarding facts, conditions, and consequences, united with a competency on the part of the individual to act intelligently, but who, in performing a duty, does not exercise a reasonable degree of care or skill, and by inattention or recklessness, disregards the natural or probable consequences of a commission or omission.

Reasonableness in care or skill is a relative term, and its application depends largely on the degree of knowledge or ability possessed; that is, a reasonable amount of care or skill exercised by the person, according to his or her capacity to act or perform.

Ignorance implies a lack of knowledge, and in that particular case, a lack of ability to perform. It may often be accompanied by a great degree of diligence and honesty of purpose, but by misdirection, the attendant efforts be ineffectual or disastrous.

The rule declared by the courts is that gross negligence on the part of a learned physician, resulting in the death of a patient, amounts to manslaughter, while the same treatment from an ignorant quack, acting honestly and vigilantly, would not amount to that crime, for in the one case the knowledge possessed was not exercised, thus making criminal negligence, while in the other a less amount of knowledge was exercised without negligence.

On this subject Mr. Bishop, in his "Criminal Law," says: "From the relationship of physician and patient, the death of the latter not unfrequently arises. On this subject the doctrine seems to have been held, that whenever one undertakes to cure another of disease, or to perform on him a surgical operation, he renders himself liable to the criminal law if he does not carry to his duty some degree of skill, though the degree may not be clear; consequently if the patient dies through ill-treatment, he is indictable for manslaughter. On the other hand, a more humane doctrine is laid down, that since it is lawful and commendable for one to cure another, if he undertakes this office in good faith and adopts the treatment he deems best, he is not liable to be adjudged a felon, though the treatment should be erroneous, and, in the eyes of those who seem to know all about this subject, which in is understood by no mortal, grossly wrong, and though he is a person called by those who deem themselves wise, grossly ignorant of medicine and surgery."

In the case of Thompson, 6 Massachusetts, 137, a grossly ignorant quack was indicted. It seems he had but three remedies, which he called "Coffee," "Well-my-gristle," and "Ram-Cats." He persisted in administering an emetic, and his patient died, to all appearances from his treatment. The court held that: "If one assuming the character of a physician, through ignorance administers remedies to his patient with an honest intention and expectation of a cure, but which causes the death of a patient, he is not guilty of felonious homicide."

In the case of Rice vs. The State, 5 Missouri, 561, it appears that the defendant, who was a botanical physician, administered lobelia, thereby causing the patient's death. The court held: "If a person assumes to act as a physician, however ignorant of medical science, and prescribe with an honest intention of curing the patient, but through ignorance of the quality of medicine prescribed or the nature of the disease, or both, the patient die in consequence of the treatment, contrary to the expectation of the person prescribing, he is not guilty of murder or manslaughter; but if the party prescribing has so much knowledge of the fatal tendency of the prescription that it may be reasonably presumed that he administered from an obstinate, willful rashness, and not with an honest intention and expectation of such cure, he is guilty of manslaughter at least, though he might not have intended any bodily harm."

In State vs. Shultz, 55 Iowa, 628, the court set aside the conviction of manslaughter, approving the principle involved in the two cases cited above and saying: "The interest of society will be subserved by holding a physician civilly liable in damages for the consequences of his ignorance, without imposing upon him criminal liability, when he acts with good faith and honest intentions."

It is well there are two heroic women—one Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, of Kansas City, Mo., and the other Mrs. Jennie Moore, of this city—who are able not only to resist persecution, but prosecution as led on by the Jesuitical

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## SPIRIT LIFE.

## A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

(The series of papers we are about to publish were communicated from Spirit life in the precise form in which they are now presented to the public. They have not even been copied, and were all written out by the medium himself at the time of the communication. The dictation was made when the medium was under impression, and perfectly passive to the source. He was fully conscious of the time, but like a faithfulamanuscript recorder of facts, did not record any of the controlling intelligences as if he had been writing under the direction of a man, so that he is quite sure the reports are in all respects substantially correct.)

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be esteemed for their own merit alone, and not by the eclat of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Illustrations*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the sundry scenes, modes of life and occupation have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and add it its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.)

## The Cultivation of the Soul.

The moment a man begins to doubt his own future existence, he falls into a state of unbelief in his own soul and is therefore only a part of himself. Were a man to disbelieve in the existence of his body, and to think that he was composed of spirit alone, we can easily see how feeble would be his life, and how little adapted would be his faith to the requirements and necessities of his condition. Now, as the soul of a man is that part of his nature which gives vitality to his whole being and character, it is evident that when he discards a belief in that which constitutes his capacity for living after death, he robs it of its future inheritance, and to that extent curtails its powers and degrades its nature. Thus, the unbeliever loses all the energy and effect which spring from a consciousness of its grand and immortal future. The moral power of such a belief is very great. It gives an incentive to cultivate the spirit, to unfold its finer and higher qualities, and by this means to elevate the character and give new charms to life itself. There are few subjects that will tend more to human happiness than a belief in the pure and indestructible nature of the soul. No one can be convinced of its existence without feeling better, greater and of a higher nature. The effect upon the daily life and conduct is remarkable. It makes one sensible of the obligation he owes to himself to improve his opportunities, and to prepare himself for the great and inevitable change which sooner or later transfers him to the native home of the spirit. The world is no better than it should be, but without this belief it would be much worse. Many a one is restrained by this faithful monitor that whispers useful lessons, and from out the mystic realms of our being evolves the sublime teachings of religion and morality. Let us, then, cultivate a belief in the soul, and let us pray to our heavenly Father that we may preserve our faith in this spark of the divine nature that allures us to the higher planes of being.

When we regard the present condition of mankind we often feel despondent at the outlook. There is so much to awaken our sympathies, to call forth our sorrow, to startle us by its anomalies, and its compound of good and evil, that we involuntarily cry out to heaven for its intervention, and we ask over and over why we are called upon to witness the misery and folly that fill the eye on every side. But we forget that this is but the beginning of life, the childhood of man, and when he reaches the grand climax of being hereafter, we shall behold him entering upon a scene of life for which he has been prepared on earth. You see the rude materials of some great work of art in their natural condition, and soon the skill and genius of the artificer shapes them into forms of usefulness or beauty; so the soul in its noxious and refractory state will be born into a higher and grander life by the hand of the great Artist that framed the universe, and that created the soul to be formed and regenerated by the trials, the struggles and the experience of earth.

## ILLUSTRATION.

When I first entered the Spirit-world the spectacle did not seem so striking as when I advanced to a higher sphere where I was permanently settled. The view of the scene from the latter point was transcendently beautiful. The large spaces about the dwellings were filled with gardens, orchards and groves that surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of. In the immediate vicinity there is a body of water whose purity is clear as crystal, while in the distance we behold what seems to be mountains and cloud scenes, with a brilliant light that sometimes makes the mountain tops seem on fire, and tinges the clouds with all the colors of the rainbow. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the landscape; the rich coloring of the foliage, the brilliant plumage of the birds, and the vocal melody of the groves all conspire to enhance the unrivaled beauty of the scenery and to raise the soul with a delicate and refined sense of the world in which we live. The alternations of night and day are unknown. We do not depend upon the diurnal revolutions of the earth for these changes. There is a softness in our light that I cannot compare to anything else, and it comes from a spirit sun that has its place outside of all earthly astronomy, and can neither be reached by the telescope, nor calculated by the mathematician. The hours of rest are fixed by a quality in the air and the light which we sense as a sweet invitation to repose. This peculiarity is perceived by a tendency to close the eyes and rest the body, which can not be mistaken. We call this the period of rest. We are not troubled with unpleasant dreams, nor are we disturbed by intrusions of any kind. We commence the

day with returning thanks to the Creator and by soliciting his mercy and blessing. I am simply relating the course in my own domestic life, but I am quite sure it is an example of general habit, though not up to the universal practice.

## True Friendship.

(Published by request.)

"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and grief to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!"

If the market basket's empty,  
Like a Christian, don't despair,  
Which is best—have coin to fill it,  
Or take it to the Lord in prayer?

Have we trials and temptations:  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
Oh! then do not be disengaged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;

Trust in twenty-dollar pieces,  
They will bring you food to eat!

For we know that faith in Jesus  
Puts no shoes upon your feet!

Women, don't lose faith in Jesus,  
How will priest and preacher live?

Who will eat the young spring chicken,  
Dainty food you always give?

Who will tell us all of heaven  
That they claim to know about?

If we lose our faith in Jesus,  
It will let the whole pack out!

But don't lose your faith in Jesus,  
Let it grow from day to day;

But provide yourself with greenbacks  
When a note fails due to pay.

Coin will pass instead of prayer,  
Goes at par most anywhere;

Christians love to hear it jingle  
Even in the house of prayer.

## The Great Preacher's Views.

HE IS IN FAVOR OF SUNDAY PAPERS.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is refreshing to find Dr. Thomas, of the People's Church, always right on leading questions. His defense of the secular press against the combined assaults of superstition and ignorance, is an oasis in the desert of religious criticism. The following views he lately expressed:

## THE BAD MUST BE REVEALED.

"The newspaper of to-day," said he, "has become the exponent of the business and thinking worlds, dealing with the world in general, and very largely a vehicle for its thoughts. It must give the news. It must outline not only harmonious social movements, but must emphasize the irregular and the bad. It is hardly news to write of the horse that did not run away, or of the families that are not separated. It is a part of the plan of things that the traits and possibilities of both good and evil shall reveal themselves. They can be known only in that way. There is nothing in wrong that can command it to those who love the right, and the publication of what is bad has its value as a warning. Newspapers in this matter could only be criticised in an attempt to make wrong attractive, and I think neither the newspapers nor the drama are guilty of such a charge. It may be said that the production of anything on this large scale of a daily newspaper, and in such haste, could not be made of the best quality, and if I were to criticise I should accuse the press of a too-talkativeness, a tendency to gossip, rather than thoughtfulness, in the handling of great subjects. And yet, when the great throng of readers is considered, with wants to be met for every taste and age, there could scarcely be an oversupply of matter.

"As to the Sunday paper," continued the doctor, "people are prejudiced against it, forgetful that the work upon it was done almost entirely during the week-days. Yet some of these are pleased to get the Monday issue, which required Sabbath work of editors, reporters and printers, and are pleased to find reports of Sunday services in it. We are coming, in our time, to a larger and more rational view of Sabbath observance. All time is alike sacred, and labor is just as much part of religion as prayer. Nature must be regarded as the expressed activities of the Creator, and nature knows no rest. Man, however, needs this day of rest, or change, and the Sabbath should be made distinctively different from all other days. As in the cases of newspaper workers, where one day out of the seven is given for rest, the wants of the physical man are met.

## SOURCE OF UNPREJUDICED INFORMATION.

"Sunday papers, I think, were not common before the war. In those troublous days I first read the Sunday paper, and I have since kept it up. I like to look at the face of the world every day in the week, and in the Sunday paper I always find something, original or selected, that is well worth reading; there is much also that I do not pretend to read. The secular press of the country is doing a valuable service for religion in bringing current religious thought within easy reach of all. It is about the only source of unprejudiced information. The sectarian religious press is naturally and almost necessarily partisan, and to that extent narrow. The editors of the religious papers are the retained attorneys of a party; they are paid for advocating one side of a question, and one who is familiar with the creeds of these churches and their general trend of belief and thought, knows as well a year in advance what these editors will say as he will know a year after it has been said. They say always the same thing. The daily newspaper is doing much for the more liberal and progressive thought of the day, and in view of the fact that the world takes a deeper interest in religious matters than in almost any other subject, the Sunday papers especially could well afford to give religious topics more space."

Were it not for the spirit of such men as Dr. Thomas, rebelling against religious darkness and superstition, the world would soon be in bondage again. He is doing a grand work.

JUS TICE.

## A Seance with James Riley.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MARCELLUS, MICHIGAN.

We first held a short seance in the dark. The force exhibited in these seances is very powerful; the motions are quick; the forms come and go with lightning-like speed; each person in the circle receives a touch of spirit hands. A tea-pot placed on the stand surrounded by the sitters was handled with wonderful dexterity. It was passed around the room over our heads, being drummed upon while floating, and frequently rested gently upon our heads. A hair-pin was taken from my wife's hair and placed upon my nose. In this case it was quickly done without touching any other part of the face or head. Every one in the circle received manifestations of spirit power. After resting a short time at the close of the dark seance, Mr. Riley seated himself in the cabinet. From half-past 9 P.M. until nearly 3 o'clock A.M. we were treated with the most wonderful manifestations in materializations. The first form that appeared was for myself and wife—a young man we used to know in Breedsville, Michigan. He was crippled in life. He appeared to us on this occasion just as he was when he visited us at our home. My wife had great sympathy for him; hence his desire, no doubt, to manifest himself to us.

The second form to appear was a brother-in-law to Mr. and Mrs. Best. They recognized him instantly. The third form which came out of the cabinet was also a brother-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Best. He presented himself three times. The room was sufficiently light for us to discern the form and features plainly. Almost immediately thereafter a slate was handed out to Mr. Best, on which was written the following communication:

"Oh, my! how strange that I am in a body!" an expression which Mr. Best says he very often used. The communication was signed "E. M." the initial letters of his name. Mr. Horace La Rue, of Van Buren county, Michigan, was present. His father, mother and son all presented themselves to him. He received several communications from them on slates handed out to him. Our son, who passed out of the physical form on December 5th last, came out of the cabinet some six feet to where I was sitting. I grasped his hand and said: "This is Herbert." He gave me three raps in quick succession on my head, indicating the answer, "Yes!" He then began to move backward toward the cabinet, but dematerialized before he could enter it.

Following this manifestation was a form well-known to Mr. and Mrs. Best. He was easily identified by them. He set the music-box going before coming out. He came out twice, and danced beautifully for our amusement. His widow is now residing in Vicksburg. When Mr. and Mrs. Best spoke his name, he manifested his delight by bowing and smiling.

One who was a dancing-master, formerly living in Canada, came out twice, dancing most gracefully. He was elegantly dressed. He understood the terpsichorean art to perfection.

Mr. Riley held a seance in Schoolcraft, Michigan, a short time since. A lady present, an unbeliever, said: "If a certain friend of mine appears, I will become a believer in Spiritualism." The dancing-master referred to above was that friend. He did come, and she knew him. She is now among the numerous throng who have passed the stage of belief into positive knowledge. She knows twelve forms in all made their appearance, all being recognized.

Mr. Riley is a wonderful medium, and is doing a great work in a humble, unostentatious way. Hundreds are being converted to Spiritualism through his instrumentality. He is in daily receipt of letters from all parts of the country, asking him to fix dates for them to meet him.

He does not always get manifestations. Some have to go away disappointed. Conditions are not always favorable. A fraudulent medium universally gives manifestations. They work for the dollar, and hence make the conditions.

Some go to Riley with sinister motives. Many honest skeptics go there who hope their skepticism may be removed. In many instances they are gratified, and go away rejoicing. He makes no charges. He is sometimes imposed upon by unprincipled, heartless persons. They partake of his hospitality and generosity without any return other than "thank you." Some don't even give that.

Mr. Riley is not rich, and should be liberally rewarded for his time and efforts to convince those who are longing for positive proof of the fact, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Mr. and Mrs. Best agree with myself and wife that our visit to the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Riley marks one of the most pleasant incidents of our journey through life.

ROBERT BAKER.

## He Would Not Fail to Take It If It Cost \$5.

For my part I am so pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that I would not fail to take it even though it cost five dollars per year. I wish every saint and sinner in the world had to read this invaluable medium of Spiritualistic thought until they really believed in the phenomena of this glorious nineteenth century creed-crashing truth! It takes time for anything new to become known and appreciated, yet Spiritualism has come to stay, and will eventually obliterate the isms of orthodoxy, and the cunningly devised trash and lying impudence of popery.

SAMUEL J. BREAKWELL.

"Mind Reading and Beyond," a scholarly statement of the whole subject, with instructions plainly given how to train one's self in mind reading. By W. A. Hovey. Price \$1.25. Fc., sale at this office.

over what was a peaceful land, filled with happy homes. The demand has gone forth that this church school must be obliterated; nothing can save it. Yours respectfully,

Port Huron, Mich. NELSON GOULD.

## The Dangers That Threaten Us.

TO THE EDITOR:—Archbishop Ireland, when addressing a class in Rome, is reported to have said: "I give you three points: We will capture, first, the Indians; second, the negroes; third, the public school, and then the United States is ours!" I, therefore, appeal to the 50,000 readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to stand true to the flag of the Union, for the Constitution, for our schools, for the protection of the taxes, that they may not be appropriated by the Church of Rome to support their parochial sectarian schools, when they teach that one of the greatest events in the history of Rock Island was the building of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and that the Mississippi River is the river of Immaculate Conception; that they are first, foremost, and always Catholics, and next Americans; that the Pope is the head of the church, and that the United States government is subservient to the church. They represent the greatest secret society in the world; their Master Workman at Rome! When he moves his wand, the Catholics move en masse. How shall we organize to meet this deadly foe to our liberties? Shall we allow them to trample us under foot and say nothing? Nay! I think that in most of the States there are true and patriotic men enough who will stand shoulder to shoulder for liberty that will forever crush the headed monster.

DR. BRIGGS.  
Providence, R. I.

## Our Home Circle.

On Sunday and Wednesday evenings of each week we have our sittings of sacred silence for spirit communion. April 3d we received the following proverbs:

1. In the mazes of madness (anger), and the labyrinths of passion, wanders many a weary soul.

2. Combine careful consideration of your own foibles with charitable construction of those of others.

3. Cover the wounds of the spirit with the warm kisses of love, rather than bathe them with the salt tears of sorrow.

4. Reward rudeness with rationality.

5. Vigilant venerate virtue, for but few manifest it.

6. It is better to be sometimes too warm than always at the zero point.

7. No ocean is so deep but that storms sometimes affect its surface. Earth has but one Pacific, and even that is wreck-strewn.

## BENEDICTION.

May the glory of good deeds, the grace of kind words, and the fellowship of bright spirits be yours now and evermore. Amen.

C. W. COOK.

## Camp-Meeting in California.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the First Association of Progressive Spiritualists, of Oakland, California, it was resolved to hold a camp-meeting, to commence the first Sunday in June, and to continue five consecutive weeks, and to be held at corner of Oak and Twelfth streets, East Oakland. We, therefore, invite all public speakers and platform test mediums to correspond with the secretary of said association in reference to making engagements during the camp-meeting, the same to be addressed to Mrs. E. Davis, 1401 Seventh avenue, East Oakland, California.

We now hold regular meetings at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Sausalito streets, West Oakland. The above Spiritualists are doing a grand work here. At the present time there are three meetings being held here, and yet our audience still increases in numbers. A large number of friends gathered to celebrate the forty-fourth anniversary. Mr. M. Wheeler, lately returned from Los Angeles, gave some grand thoughts. Mrs. Maggie Waite and Mrs. M. Wheeler gave a number of tests and communications. Spiritual names in full were given and recognized. Mrs. Johnson, of San Diego, favored us with speaking an inspirational poem. There were flowers in abundance.

Last Sunday Mr. Ben Barney gave some very fine tests. L. W. Low gave a lecture.

Mrs. E. DAVIS, Secretary.

## Oakland, Cal.

## Poems by Edith Willis Linn.

We copy the following notice from the April Arena, of Edith Willis Linn's new book of poems. We do not think they are a complete overruling. They can be obtained at THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER office. Price, \$1.00.

This dainty volume of over one hundred and sixty-seven pages is filled with charming little verses, such as please us when weary of more serious literature, the mind wishes rest and change. Of the character of these poems the reader will gain a fair idea from the following lines on Odessa:

## ODESSA.

Radiant, beautiful Odessa!  
Lying by the black-waved sea;  
Mountain-crowned, wave-washed, white-towered,  
Queen of grace and majesty;  
With broad plaza, sun-kissed terrace,  
Costumes quaintly shaped and gay,  
Flags of every clime and nation  
Floating o'er thy purple bay.

Sunshine ever doth enfold thee;  
Flowers and fields of billowy grain  
Lie around thee; birds are joyous  
On thy upland and thy plain;  
From thy port bedecked with banners,  
Whence my white-winged boat departs,  
Seek an exile ship in steering  
With its freight of broken hearts.

Radiant, beautiful Odessa!  
Richelieu's glory, love and pride,  
Wooded by breaths of balmy southland,  
Touched by loving, foam-kissed tide!  
But a

speaks as follows of The Progressive Thinker: "I have been admiring your push, and really enjoyable paper, in silence. I take clippings almost every week from it; there is so much which is too good to lose sight of. Having your paper to read is like going to a meeting, or a reception, where one comes in touch with an assemblage of earnest, cheerful, good and intelligent people, who are glad to meet you, and have a pleasant word, and something instructive as well. I really don't see how we got along without The Progressive Thinker so long!"

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

If my readers would sit and think with me they have leisure at the twilight hour—think of life, its use, and its beautiful lessons, when properly understood, they would find much food for building up the soul into that beautiful state and condition that makes men and women angels here on earth, and not brutes and savages. They could see, while viewing their past lives, homes that were once beautiful and full of joy and happiness, that now are sad, forsaken and desolate. They could see the poor, friendless orphan, without home or friends, rise by his own endeavors, step by step, to wealth, opulence and power. They could see many pauper boys work their way into noble, glorious and respected manhood.

Perhaps some of my readers may think my ideas nothing but sentiment based upon imagination only, and not upon real facts worth your consideration, and may cast them by without thought or reflection, and care but little for them. Let me illustrate this:

Two students were once traveling along the highway in Spain, and, as they were tired, they sat down by a well to rest and refresh themselves. While sitting there they saw a flat stone imbedded in the ground, on which they read the following inscription: "Here lies interred the soul of Licentiate Pedro Garcias." One of these students began to laugh and cry out in ridicule: "Well, well! Who ever heard of a soul being buried?" The other student said nothing, but waited until his companion had gone on; then he pried up the stone and found underneath a well-filled purse, with this inscription:

"Whoever is wise enough to study, and learn the meaning of the sentence on this stone, may have this purse."

I leave my readers to make the application. I ask them to stop looking up into the fabled realm, where cities are paved with gold, and walled in with jasper, but to look down on the earth, into the homes and condition of humanity in its different aspects and phases. Take hold with me and help me pry up the stone, and I will divide with you the treasure underneath.

But for those that laugh at me, and go away without thought or investigation, I can furnish no food to nourish and build up their better natures, as I call up incidents and life scenes and put them on paper at the solemn twilight hour.

One day in the summer of 1841, when I was a poor, hard-working boy, with a kind heart, I was standing in front of a hotel in the then small town of Burlington, Iowa. As I was noting the strange faces passing and repassing, I heard the keeper of the hotel swearing, and in a loud, angry tone abusing a poor, pale, sickly young man, who was standing near the door. Said the young man to his angry opponent: "My dear, sir, I need my satchel containing my change of clothing. I have some friends residing near Augusta who will care for me if I can reach them. I came to your house with a little money—all I had left after a long journey, but enough I thought to pay you for what time I would stay with you. You know I was taken sick, and was unable to proceed on my way. I am sick now, and very weak. I have a chance to ride with a kind farmer, free of charge, some distance on my way. I have given you every cent of money I have in the world. I have not one cent to purchase a meal or to pay for a place to lie down and rest when I leave your house. I owe you a dollar, which I will pay you out of the first money I am able to earn, should I be permitted to recover my health and strength again. I need my satchel and the few garments it contains. They are worth but little to you, but much to me, for they are all I have to cover my nakedness. Can you not trust a poor, sick, friendless and suffering fellow-mortal for one dollar until he can reach friends, or regain his health, so as to earn an honest living? I came to Iowa from the East to better my fortune, to grow up with the country, to be a man, to rise up in the world to a state of independence by my own labor, my own efforts, and my own endeavors. I had a little, which I had earned and saved before I started. I came to your town a healthy young man, with great hopes and bright expectations, but change of climate and exposure brought on sickness, and disease clasped me in its sad embrace. You know the rest. My hopes are crushed, my money is gone, my strength is wasted. I owe you a dollar, which I cannot pay. I am a stranger here, among strange faces, without one kind friend in this, my hour of need. Merciful God! why must I suffer thus? Oh! it is hard to bear!"

Said the brute in human form: "Yours is but a repetition of the same old story I have heard repeated so many times. I keep a hotel to make money, not to feed paupers. You owe me a dollar. You say you have no money. The law gives me a lien on your satchel, and I shall hold it until I am paid. Should I release it, and you go away, I would never see or hear of you again. You may have deceived others by your promises, but I am too sharp to be taken in in that way and manner. You can go, but the satchel and clothing stay."

As I stood by and listened to this talk my heart began to swell up until I thought it would burst. Oh! how I would have loved to have seen the condition of the two men reversed, but as I could not do this, I did the next best thing I could think of—I stepped up to the brute and said: "You are a poor man; you lack just one dollar to purchase your way into heaven. I am rich, and I pity you. I am a boy in good circumstances. I have been at work out here, and have just been paid off. I am well and hearty, and have a week's board paid in advance. I have now in my pocket, clear of debt and all liens, four silver dollars. Here, my poor, sick friend, is two dollars—

one-half of our capital. Pay the landlord his dollar, and take the other to get your food and lodging till you reach your friends. If I had more money I would do better yet, but take this, with my best wishes for your health and success in life. I do not want you to ever pay me; I ask nothing in return; I have done no more for you than I would have others do for me were I in a like condition. Some day we may meet again; till that time remember the boy who was kind, the boy that loved to help those in sickness and distress. If you ever recover your health and strength, be good to others, and help them all you can."

He took the money in his trembling hand, and gazed on me like one frightened. Then the tears began to flow and roll down his pale cheeks. With a faltering voice that seemed to gasp rather than speak, he said: "Boy, you have given me new life and strength. You have not only aided me in this, my hour of need, but you have taught me the grandest lesson I ever learned. You have taught me how to do good; how to relieve distress. You have taught me the fact that all men are not brutes and selfish hogs. God bless you, my boy! I am no prophet, but I am impelled to say to you that you will never come to want; that go where you will, you will find good, true friends. Give me your name, that I may write it down in this little book, there to keep it in remembrance, as it will be kept in my heart. Some day we will meet again under better circumstances. Till that time farewell."

Good, kind reader, have you any idea of my feelings at that time? To say I was happy would not do the subject complete justice. I have no words that can express my feelings as I saw the load lifted off the mind of the weak and suffering man. The sum I had given, though small, made me feel richer and prouder than a Gould or Vanderbilt, or even a king on a throne.

Years rolled by and I became a man, the head of a good and loving family, in a neat, cozy, and pleasant home. One day I was seated at my table in my office writing, when a man came in—a well-dressed man, some years my senior. His face was clear, noble and bright. He came up to me and reached out his hand.

"Is this Mr. Rosecrans?"

"It is. What can I do for you?"

"You do not remember me?"

"There is something about your face that calls up some remembrance of the past, but I cannot tell when or where we met."

"When a boy, in about 1841, did you not reside in Burlington, Iowa?"

"I did."

"Did you, while living there, give a poor, sick young man two dollars, or half the money you had, that he might release his clothes from the hands of a brutal landlord?"

"I did."

"Well, you see before you now that young man, grown to an elderly man. Let us once more shake hands, for it does my eyes good to gaze upon that boy once more!"

"Yes, I know you! I remember you well! Your face has the same independent, proud look it bore when you spoke to the hoggish landlord years ago—when you told him he was poor and you were rich."

"Well, here I am, ready and willing, yes, anxious, to pay you the debt I owe you, with interest compounded. I am now quite wealthy; have a fine property. Make out your bill, and you will see that I am not ungrateful."

I told him that he owed me nothing; that I had been more than paid in the happiness that I realized at the time in being able to help a fellow-being. All I would ask of him would be that he do to others as I had done to him, and he could be happy also.

He said he had always remembered the circumstance, and the lesson it taught him in the years gone, and in after years when he saw a poor, distressed fellow-mortal in sickness, poverty and want, the scene at the hotel in Burlington would come before his mind, and he could see the same as plainly as he did the day when he was an actor in the play, and he had been enabled to do much good in the relief of suffering humanity.

Said he: "If you ever need a friend, call on me, for till the day of my death your noble kindness at the time when I was weak and suffering shall never be forgotten."

Now, do my readers see the treasure buried beneath the stone? The landlord, like the foolish student, neglected the opportunity which I embraced. He made an enemy; I made a friend. He dwarfed and debased his soul, while I took one step up toward a genuine manhood.

This one little incident, unnoticed at the time, had been the cause, no doubt, of our friend wiping the tears from sorrowing faces, and making homes happy, and will, we hope, be noted by the angels, and placed to my credit for what it is worth at our accounting, when it comes to me, as it will to all our readers, the solemn twilight hour.

M. P. ROSECRANS.

### A German Fable.

A famous hen's my story's theme,  
Who ne'er was known to tire  
Of laying eggs—but then she'd scream  
So loud o'er every egg 'twould seem  
The house must be on fire.  
  
A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,  
A wiser bird and older,  
Could bear no more; so off did stalk  
Right to the hen and told her:  
"Madam, that scream, I apprehend,  
Does nothing to the matter;  
It surely helps the eggs no whit,  
So lay your eggs and done with it.  
I pray you, madam, as a friend,  
Cease that superfluous clatter;  
You know not howt goes through my head!"  
"Humph! very likely," madam said,  
Then proudly putting forth a leg—  
"Uneducated barnyard fowl,  
You know no more than any owl  
The noble privilege and praise  
Of authorship in modern days;  
I'll tell you why I do it:  
First, you perceive, I lay my egg,  
And then—review it."

### He Sees Devils Multifarious.

AND IS A LITTLE PESSIMISTIC.

To THE EDITOR:—I see that a gentleman has delivered a lecture in this city on the subject of "spooks," in which he claims to be able to demonstrate the fact that the controls of mediums are demons. The idea is not a new one. I have heard it many times from the orthodox. After convincing them that the manifestations were outside of and beyond human agency, and that I was not a victim of hallucinations, nor had been imposed upon by cunning pretenders, there was but one refuge left, and that was to say that it was the work of the devil; and, indeed, I have myself had experiences that would seem to substantiate their theory: lies that were monumental in their grandeur, and their advice given in the choicest of language, which, if followed, must have led to the most dire results. Clearly these were not angels, nor those who had my best interests at heart; and yet where I have met one devil from the unseen I have seen a thousand in the form wearing bodies like my own.

I have seen rosy-cheeked, golden-haired little devils pulling the wings and legs out of flies, that were trying to get through the window-pane into the sunshine; I have seen other devils placing poisoned bread for dogs and rats and mice to eat; I have seen devils out with a gun shooting the little birds that have struggled through the cold and hunger of winter, but have a price set upon their head and must be exterminated; I see devils torturing with kicks, with spurs, with whips, every creature in their power.

I see the devils torture each other sometimes with kicks and blows, but oftener with mental torture, the refinement of cruelty, saying the things that hurt; ridiculing what the other loves; caricaturing mental weakness and physical defects; the well-dressed laughing at the rags of the poor. There may be devils on the other side, but I must believe they have not all gone over.

And really a survey of life might indicate that the devils are not all small. We find ourselves at birth in a world every condition of which is new and strange to us, inhabiting a body not one atom of which is understood, and which is keenly sensitive but to one thing, and that is pain.

This body demands imperatively food, clothing and shelter. To procure these is possible to us only under certain conditions, and over these conditions we have absolutely no control. The strongest desire of our nature is for life, and we know no fact so clearly as the fact that within a limited time we must lose it. Next, we love health and strength, yet it is inevitable that disease will attack us and our strength will fail.

The sex passion, perhaps comes next, and it is the gateway of the most horrible diseases that come upon the sons and daughters of men. For its physical aspect and for the mental side, see the storms of jealousy, the murders and the suicides that come through "love," the imbecility of the self-polluted, and the wreck of the brothel inmate. Born with desires, with hopes, with ambitions, our desires lead us surely to sorrow; our hopes never find fulfillment, our ambitions never satisfied.

Tell me, you who dare to think, could the ingenuity or malignity of the chief of devils have devised more complete and systematic torture than is shown in this world of life. Devils in the world invisible there may be. Devils there are in this world of flesh I know, and what person can say that they are not a tortured devil in a world of their fellows, offering praise to their creator, the ruling devil of all?

### Jottings in New England.

We have been spending the winter amid the stone-clad hills of old New England, and as spring peeps in upon us the very air seems alive and teeming with onward thought and fair suggestion, as though the very finger of nature herself were happily engaged in tracing to the world a billet-doux of tenderness and promise.

Never before has the Spiritualistic world seemed so pregnant with subtle progress and power; never has its press been so keen and active in its movement for right, liberty and heraldry.

May the heart of each worker be bound in accord with the magic influence of the coming onward march of a fair era, opening to the soul of a mighty universe. I find as I write a few little stanzas creeping in upon my brain unawares, until their voice closes, as it were, the voice of my letter, chorusing in as a fitting symbol of our paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The world moves on in its treading apace,  
O'er the earth that is beaming with verdure  
grace,  
While the great soul speaks with a smiling face,  
Over the Mount of Progression.

The hearts of the children are blithesome and glad,  
For how can the sunshine itself glimmer sad?  
In eternity each, in a lifetime's, a lad  
Scaling the Mount of Progression:

Over the hills, thro' the Valleys of Time,  
The bells of the spirit ring musical chime,  
Leading us on to that glory-filled clime,  
Reached up the Mount of Progression.

Then came from the shining-chased chalice of gold,  
The nectar of life-quaff with veins coursing bold,  
Till the clouds are dispelled, and their volume is rolled

From the top of the Mount of Progression.  
—Ella Gibson Magoon.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hull; thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

### ABOUT THE HOME CIRCLE.

GOOD RESULTS WITH PLANCHETTE.

To THE EDITOR:—About two years ago my wife and I withdrew from the M. E. Church because of the popish proclivities of the then pastor. I then sent to Boston for an armful of spiritual books. I also subscribed for *The Golden Gate* and the *Summerland*, and afterwards for that prince of iconoclasts, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Accordingly the superstitions of creedal Christianity are pretty well eliminated, and I hereby authorize you to write me down an unadulterated, uncompromising, flat-footed Spiritualist. I find THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER an invincible weapon with which to batter down the bulwarks of error. You see, I use it as a crowbar of criticism with which to puncture the bubbles of creedal folly, behind which the hosts of superstition dare to entrench themselves. The facts of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER are as fatal to sanctified hypocrisy as dynamite to a Russian Czar. Its armament is an arsenal of invincible facts. When I wish to down an advocate of priest-ridden Christianity, my duty is apparent: I deliberately draw a weapon from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's arsenal of truth, and introduce it to him in such a manner that he thinks it is some ponderous missile hurled from the mightiest catapult. If he yet has the temerity to renew the attack, I just hurl another javelin of truth at him, when my! he thinks he has been struck with a modern pile-driver. What a blessing it would be if every man and woman in the United States had the courage of his or her convictions, and would take THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER! But the average religious dupe dare not think. Their education is like an iron clamp put on their heads in early childhood to prevent the expansion of the brain. They are allowed to think only on condition that they will think the thoughts of men that are dead and rotten, and who, if alive, would be as ignorant as themselves.

The attempt of the average theologian to enlighten you on spiritual matters would be about like a man climbing down into a deep well, and from what he sees there to write a geography of the world. They tell us they give us the truth, and "the truth will make us free," which, I suppose, means free to become slaves of priesthood and superstition. The use of such language is an assault upon Webster's dictionary and an assassination of logic and common sense. Their doctrine of the "trinity," namely, that there are three gods at most, and one god at least, or one god at most, and three gods at least (take your choice), can not be true, for it violates Ray's multiplication table, and for the further reason that a mathematical impossibility can not be theological certainty. Again, their assumption that the bible is authority for truth must needs be an error, for it is plain that nothing but truth can be authority for the bible. The bible is valuable to the extent that it contains the truth, and no farther. To the extent that it contains the untrue or obsolete, it is about as valuable as a last year's almanac.

At first I simply believed in Spiritualism on the testimony of others; but afterwards a few of us investigated the phenomena, and although we had no mediums except such as we, aided by our spirit friends, have been able to develop among ourselves, yet we have had the tiny rap, table tipping, trance-speaking, independent slate-writing, and communications on an improvised planchette, consisting of a smooth board, one foot wide by two in length, with the letters of the alphabet printed on one side, and a smaller board, the size of a lid of a cigar-box, with a hole cut in it large enough to see the letters through it. We then placed the small board on the large one, and when two of us would place our hands on the small board it would move about over the letters, and spell out messages for us. A little perseverance will enable almost anybody to get messages in this way. Some of the messages we got in this way were very remarkable; but others were false and disappointing. At the present time about all we can get on the board is through a spirit giving his name as Asper, who is, to say the least, very erratic; sometimes he will not spell anything intelligible for us, or, if he spells at all, his messages are contradictory and false. At other times, however, his messages are truthful and clear, and furnish convincing tests, which show conclusively that they come from an intelligence other than that of any of our circle. For example, one of our mediums had procured a most beautiful independent slate-message, and had laid the slate aside in plain view of all present, when Asper insisted on her reading the message on the slate, insisting that there was a new message there. She thought he was trying to deceive her, and asked him to spell out the message on the board. He promptly complied, and spelled the message out *verbatim ad litteratam*, as they were compelled to admit when, on examining the slate, they found, to their utter amazement, a new message precisely as stated. A number of our circle have had their hands controlled from time to time to both write and draw, but as I have already trespassed too much upon your valuable space, I will postpone further remarks for a future report.

In conclusion, permit me to say that in answer to Job's question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" the materialist says "No!" the agnostic say, "I don't know;" the Christian say, "I believe he will," but the Spiritualist says, "I know he will," and proves it just as the philosopher proves the facts of science, viz., by invincible phenomena.

M. L. NOFTSGER.

Chehalis, Wash.

"Immortality," A Poem, in five cantos. "If a man die, shall he live?" is fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of Voices. Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

### The Border-Land Just Over There.

In the twilight hour, soft shadows came  
And flitted to and fro,  
But I heard no word, nor heard a name  
Of friends I used to know.  
Yet their presence seemed so very near,  
I waited for some sign,  
Or some sound to tell me they were here,  
Those long-lost friends of mine!  
And I sat and waited all alone,  
Whilst silence closed around,  
Till its heart was beat next my own—  
Till earthly sights were drowned!  
Forth from depths there came then unto me  
Dear voices speaking plain,  
Old-time voices—such as used to be,  
Before life's days of pain!  
"Truth is joy," they said, "and God is truth,  
And grief and tears pass by!  
Life is love, and love is endless youth,  
The youth that can not die!"  
"Death is birth," they said, "a higher birth  
That sets the spirit free!  
Souls will stand for souls' own worth,  
Through all eternity!"  
Gently that they spoke in tender tones—  
Swept away the earthly ill,  
Lit with light earth's sorrow-stricken homes—  
Crowned them with the peace that stills!  
Deep within my soul the truth I felt,  
I knew my loved ones near,  
Reverent, with thankful heart, I knelt,  
Death's mystery was clear!  
Close is the border-land to me,  
And shining is its shore—  
Peopled with the precious forms I see,  
Of loved ones gone before!

## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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## Terms of Subscription.

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Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can  
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each. For that amount you obtain one hundred and  
four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and  
mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medi-  
um-sized book?

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.



## A SPIRITUALIST?

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOKS  
OF MODERN TIMES. BY MRS. N. C.  
MAYNARD. EVERY SPIRITUALIST IN  
AMERICA SHOULD READ IT.

## No Stability in Creeds.

A superficial glance at the religious world, and it seems as if opinions were fixed and changeless. And yet how fleeting. For a thousand years the Catholics swayed the destiny of the world. The Pope, at the head of the church, gave laws to every kingdom and principality in Europe. He parceled out the New World to his subject kings, and enforced obedience to his will by bulls. Behold how changed. Save in the Vatican, his temporal power is gone, and his spiritual authority is rapidly wanling.

When the civil revolution cropped out in France, in 1789, the church held unlimited sway throughout the empire. In a few months its control was gone, the people were free, and a republic rose on the ruins of monarchy. But for the excesses of Robespierre, himself a churchman, the new order of things would have been permanent. It required a despot, who appeared in the person of Bonaparte, to restore the ancient order of things. Honest thought was suppressed by military force. It will be so restrained until a favorable opportunity, when it will again assert itself, however great the opposition.

Bruno was burned at the stake 400 years ago for entertaining liberal ideas, the assembled multitudes jeering at his agony. Only four centuries later, a monument was raised to his memory, on the very place where he was burned amid the plaudits of admiring multitudes the whole world, less a bigot pope, looking on with admiration.

This inclination to change is going forward with constantly increasing rapidity. Churchmen are well aware of this fact, and are vainly striving to turn back the setting tide, else protract the present order of things as long as possible. It was hoped to stay progress by the revival of dead creeds; but to-day there is not a creed in all Christendom which is not experiencing the pangs incidental to a new birth. Even Catholics have made great advances, discarding many of the most obnoxious teachings; while the Church of England has left many of her old notions behind, and is gradually approximating to a more reasonable faith. The "sun do move;" an endless hell, and a psalm-singing heaven, are left for the Jaspers, Sam Joneses, and witless Talmages to teach.

Another generation will witness greater changes than has the present. It is the result of general education, enlarged ideas, and the becoming obsolete of laws which prevented just criticism on false beliefs.

The great World's Fair, now at our doors, has already become a powerful educator. Decide the Sunday opening as the Commissioners may, free thought is the gainer. If the Fair is closed against the laborer, with vicious resorts wide open, the church may prepare for a moral stampede from its vice-engendering, knowledge-blasting, ignorance-encouraging citadels, where Bigotry is bred and Superstition is rampant.

## Logic of the Camp Versus Logic of the Clergy.

Gov. Chas. Robinson, in his Kansas Conflict, just from the press, gives an interesting narrative of an overland trip through Kansas to California, in the spring of 1849. The party left Kansas City on the 10th of May for their long and tiresome journey. It consisted of several hundred adventurers, drawn together for a common purpose, to amass fortunes in the new Eldorado on the Pacific. They were very generally strangers to each other, coming from every part of the country, each entertaining religious views in harmony with those entertained in regions from whence they came.

The Governor states that on the first Saturday of the journey darkness came on before water was reached. Camping for the night, Sunday morning they passed on to the Wakarusa, some two to three miles away. Hence, after watering their stock, the question arose whether they should rest in camp for the day, or advance. An animated discussion of the Sunday question followed, a majority deciding to go on. Reaching a point within some four miles of the present site of Lawrence, an ox met with a serious accident which disabled him for service. "Here is a judgment of God for breaking the Sabbath," said the pious one. As no further progress could be made for the day, the residue was devoted to theological discussion. Says the Governor:

One party claimed it was a direct interposition to punish Sabbath-breaking, while the other put the accident to the account of too long coupling-chains and bad driving. One party appealed to the Decalogue, and the other called for its reading. When it was found the seventh day instead of the first was enjoined to be observed, and that for a special reason which applied only to the Jews, an appeal was made to the New Testament, where it was claimed the command was made applicable to the first day of the week. The discussion was closed, on one side, by offering a dollar for every word in the New Testament enjoining the observance of any day as a Sabbath; and on the other, by devoting the remainder of the day in searching the Testament. No claim was ever made for the prize-money, and these stalks for Sabbath observance were afterwards seen betting at monte in Sacramento, having evidently lost their Puritanical scruples.

## The Work at St. Johns—Hints as to Meetings.

I. D. Richmond, writing from St. Johns, Mich., gives a pleasant little account of the doings of their Spiritualist Society. They had regular Sunday evening meetings at private residences all winter, with a very fair attendance. In February arrangements were made for the use of a small hall, in which the meetings have been regularly held. They have a fine medium, Bessie Green Osborn, who has developed amongst them. Last month they made her a surprise party, and presented her with a willow chair in appreciation of the good she has done them. Mrs. Babcock, the acting President of the Society, made a fitting little speech, closing with these words:

"Although the days of life are short, may we not lose our love for such scenes of friendship and sociality as this, and at the end may it be said of each and every one of us that the world has been better for our presence?"

Is there not a suggestion in this action of our St. John's friends for those who, in different parts of the country, are mourning because they are out of the track of public speakers, mediums, etc.? If there are only two or three liberal-minded people in a neighborhood, let them get together regularly once a week, have a programme of exercises, read something out of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and talk about it—not argue. This, with a little music, will start harmonious vibrations of spiritual influences towards you. If you are in earnest, your rooms will always be full of the dear ones, who, still loving you, are glad to be with you, to cheer and help you when you make for them harmonious conditions. Try this plan, and see if your hungry hearts, starving for the truth, will not be fed with the food that the world at large knows not of.

## Anniversary Reports.

Notwithstanding our ample notice that we would publish accounts of the forty-fourth anniversary, the idea was so novel that a good many articles failed to reach us. Never in the history of Spiritualism has any paper had the enterprise which THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER devoted to that issue. It is a perfect epitome of the condition of Spiritualism at the present time. Having once had a taste of what a true spiritual paper can do, our readers will know what to expect next time, and we hope will get their reports here in time to take part in the grand procession. We can only notice briefly the reports of the First Spiritual Society of Springfield, Illinois, J. Q. A. Floyd Secretary, and D. N. Lepper President; of the First Spiritual Society of Tacoma, Mrs. McKenzie Secretary; of the Spiritualists of North Yakima, Washington, James A. Beck, Secretary; of the First Spiritual Society of San Jose Cal., Mrs. H. S. Bigelow Secretary, E. C. Gaillard President, and several others.

These reports, more or less full, we cannot use, because every day brings new happenings, and in a month people have begun to forget.

If our friends will take notice that when we make an announcement we mean business to the full extent of our ability, we shall not be obliged to feel disappointed that they do not do their best in time.

## Getting in Its Work.

Now comes the intelligence that the first effective work of lightning this spring was the destruction of three Christian churches. When the good Dutch brother was asked for a contribution to put a lightning-rod on the church he replied: "If God Almighty wants to dunder down in his own home, he has a right to, and I won't give a cent to prevent him."

## Franklin's Creed.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the most strictly American minds this country has ever produced; the most judicial, strong and just the world has ever seen. He was great in many directions; as a statesman, diplomat and scientist. The belief of such a man has weight, and as he was not a church member, the moral code by which he regulated his conduct is of the more importance. The following was his creed:

"I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe; that he governs it by his providence; that the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children; that the soul of man is immortal and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion."

## The Logic of Churchmen.

The Copernican theory that the sun is the center of the solar system, around which the planets revolve, and they upon their axes, called into existence a world of valuable literature that is highly instructive, as it is dug up from ancient hiding places. Scipio Chiaramonte, an Italian astronomer, who dedicated his great work to Cardinal Barberini, makes a very lucid argument against the theory, which we commend to churchmen: "Animals which move have limbs and muscles; the earth has no limbs, therefore it does not move. It is angels who make Saturn, Jupiter, the sun, etc., turn round. If the earth revolves, it must also have an angel in the center to set it in motion; but only devils live there; it would therefore be a Devil who would impart motion to the earth."

That is the kind of logic churchmen employed against science only 250 years ago, and which met with general favor.

## The Unseen Universe.

We have previously alluded to this new venture by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. Those who have read her numerous contributions in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER can realize that she is a very gifted lady. The first number of The Unseen Universe contains 48 pages. Terms to American subscribers, \$2 per year; single number 20 cents. Address Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, The Lindens, Humphry street, Cheatham Hill, Manchester, England.

## A Good Suggestion.

One of our correspondents suggests that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER be printed on parchment, or some other indestructible material. He says that in his neighborhood it is read and re-read, and then read over again, and folded and refolded, until the reading is all read off the paper; that is, absorbed into the thoughts and minds of the readers. Really, it is no fault of ours that we make so readable a paper. We can't help it.

## The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

Hudson Tuttle has something to say of interest in reference to this forthcoming work, in another column. The number of the paper containing the Chiniquy version of the assassination of Lincoln reached 140,000. We think that there should be that number of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" sold. Every Spiritualist should have a copy; every patriotic American will want one; every one who desires to learn something of the intrigues of the Catholic church, cannot find any better illustration of the same than furnished in this work by Hudson Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle, who has made a deep and lasting impression on the present age, can feel gratified with the fact that the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" first appeared in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER does feel deeply pleased that there lives such a man as Hudson Tuttle, to write such a remarkable narrative for its pages. There was a wonderful fitness of things—it's first appearance in our paper. It reached a larger class than it possibly could if published in any other Spiritualist paper, thus doing a correspondingly greater amount of good.

We called upon our readers to inundate Mr. Tuttle with orders for the work, and they did shower them upon him from all sides! Now, do not let the good work stop! Send the money for the work at once. Let Mr. Tuttle understand that your word is good.

Spiritualists, the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," in book form, should be in every family circle. It should go hand in hand with the Chiniquy version of the assassination of Lincoln in redeeming the world from superstitions.

## Difference of Opinion.

One of the best analytical preachers in Chicago thinks that Aaron's calf-god was better than Moses' war-god, and that Aaron deserved praise instead of blame for making it, because the calf was a symbol of innocence, hence, an improvement on that of Moses', and would not have killed so many people.

This reminds us of an old friend of ours, who said: "God is to you what ever you think he is." You can always tell what one is by what he believes about God. One who believes that God will send his undeveloped children to an eternal hell, you never can trust him; he would roast you if he could.

These reports, more or less full, we cannot use, because every day brings new happenings, and in a month people have begun to forget.

Joseph H. Dorety, of Oakland, Calif., writes: "Easter Sunday, notwithstanding the extra attractions in the churches our audiences were as large as usual, and Dr. Dean Clark instructed us regarding the laws and conditions governing spirit phenomena, and was followed by Prof. F. Corden with tests. The conditions must have been good, because both gentlemen got splendid results. The exciting affair of the day, however, was an attempt of the Steens to swindle Spiritualists and delude the public for the benefit of their pocket, in which affair, to use a slang phrase, they got left, as we cheekmated them by our counter advertisements, and the deceived mob of people who gathered together did the rest, as you will see from enclosed clippings."

## Spiritualism in St. Louis, Mo.

I am pleased with St. Louis Spiritualists. So far as my experience goes they are a generous, cordial, social, appreciative people, and alive to the good works inspired by the Spirit-world. I am delighted with the home provided for me and the hospitable care I receive from Bro. Charles Brown and his cultured and truly spiritual companion. It is full of sunshine and rest, and I am thankful for such congenial environments.

S. L. Emery, of Smalley, Ohio, says:

"This is a time of wonderful improvements in many things, and in nothing within my knowledge is there a greater improvement than you have made and are making in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

The Ladies' Aid is prospering and apparently harmonious. Its membership is large and represents a superior class. Mrs. Sheehan was the primitive organizer, and it has grown healthfully and is a strong support to the main Society of Spiritualists. The audiences at the Sunday meetings are appreciative and give a helpful influence to speakers.

The city press treats Spiritualism respectfully and publishes favorable notices of the society's work and reports of its meetings. Last Sunday's *Globe Democrat* has a three-column article on Spiritualism in St. Louis, with a long and (considering the manner of its origin) remarkable communication from Swedenborg. It gives a historical sketch of the cause in this city, running back thirty years or more, and presents a picture of Captain Joseph Brown and Swedenborg.

Within the past year the public work has been carried forward with steady persistency under the leadership of Joseph Brown, city auditor, and later by a newly-equipped society, with S. M. Beckwith for President. Among speakers who have done credit to the cause in the last year are Mrs. Ada Sheehan, Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Clara Field Conant, Mrs. Orvis, J. Frank Baxter, Moses Hull and Mattie E. Hull.

And still the work widens and interest grows. J. Frank Baxter is engaged for May, and Dr. F. L. H. Willits for October. In many places the awakening gives evidence of a new impetus moving the educational tide, and more appreciation of the educational work, which is indispensable to rational interpretation of phenomena, and without which the chaotic floods of phenomenal marvels can never accomplish their high mission or secure the confidence and respect of cultured people. The real work of the spiritual platform is scarcely yet commenced, and if my impressions are worth anything, the truly valuable phenomena have scarcely begun the development which in the next 44 years will astonish even veteran Spiritualists.

Under the new impetus now setting in from both sides of the death-line, Spiritualism will become a recognized science, and the world's approved religion.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

4227 Lucky St., St. Louis, Mo.

## General Survey.

## The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that, on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done, are always acceptable.

The doors that were locked: Two friends once closed between them, mutually, a door with double locks, one on each side. With separate keys, fashioned with cunning art. Sure of himself, strong in fresh-wounded pride, each, for his own side only, held the key. And thus for weary weeks they dwelt apart, till one at last whose dropping tears had drowned the fire of wrath in his bosom burned, full of forgiveness, softly stole and turned the key; then sought to ope the door, but found the other lock still fast, still locked the door! Then the old anger leaped to sudden flame, and laying on his friend's hard heart the blame, he shot again the bolt and turned once more to nurse, in bitterness, the reopened wound. And on that night the other thought of olden days, and melted in the memory they seemed. So nearer than estrangement's later hours. That of the quarrel he thought he must have dreamed, and so unlocked the door, yet all his powers failed still to shake it. Then he muttered "Fool. To think that stubborn churl would e'er repent!" And socketward again the bolt he earnestly sent. And thus before the first friend's wrath could cool, the other's heart grew hard again and kept the bar between them while they waked or slept. But one calm eve both wakened from a dream of what has been, so clear forthshadowing, too, the golden prophecy of what may be. Each rises, and in the moonlight's softened gleam, resolves to try again all he can do. Once more bearded he stands, and as again slowly each iron key rasps in the rusted wards, an answering sound comes from the other side. The great door flies open and leaves the old friends, newly found, lovingly looking in each other's eyes, with reunited hearts and clasped hands.

Mrs. Dr. Alma has removed to Oak Park.

Sunday, May 1, the First South Side Spiritual Society will meet at 77 Thirty-first St., at 2:30 P. M. Dr. Carpenter will deliver the address. Subject: "Object and Power of Prayer."

Mrs. E. Cutler, trance medium and psychometrist, will finish her engagement with the Indianapolis (Ind.) society this month. She will make dates for societies for next season on liberal terms. Home address, 1749 N. Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bishop A. Beals speaks at Oklahoma, O. T., during May. He can be addressed on the death of Mrs. E. A. Donley, a resident of Salt Lake City. It was published in the *Ogden Leader*, April 10.

Hon. Warren Chase, a veteran worker in the cause while on earth, lately lectured at Worcester, Mass., through Dr.

## AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

## ELECTED VICE-PRESIDENTS.

The following well-known liberals have been elected by the Board of Directors honorary Vice-Presidents of the American Secular Union: Nathan L. Perkins, Bangor, Maine; Parker Pillsbury, Concord, N. H.; John D. Powers, Westbrook, Vt.; Susan H. Wixson, Fall River, Mass.; N. F. Griswold, Meriden, Conn.; Julius Fohr, Hoboken, N. J.; Thaddeus B. Wakeman, New York city; Dr. R. B. Westbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marcus Heighton, Kent, Ohio; W. W. Wilson, Spiceland, Ind.; Otto Wettstein, Rockville, Ill.; E. Chope, Detroit, Mich.; G. E. Swan, M. D., Beaver Dam, Wis.; Dr. G. A. F. de Lespinasse, Orange City, Iowa; Jacob Hoffner, Fort Snelling, Minn.; G. Beck St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. J. Burwells Williams, Kittrells, N. C.; Seborn Kitchens, Sr., Gibson, Ga.; T. W. Shank, Hurricane, W. Va.; W. F. Aldrich, Aldrich, Ala.; Capt. E. C. Garner, Green Cove Springs, Florida; J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas; F. W. Hill, Little Rock, Ark.; F. C. Isbell, Manchester, Tenn.; Daniel Dresmer, Newport, Ken., John Remsburg, Oak Mills, Kan.; G. W. Watson, Washington, D. C.; C. B. Reynolds, Fremont, Wash.; Samos Parsons, San Jose, Cal.; A. K. and M. J. Olds, McMinnville, Oregon; Rosseau Hess, Fort Custer, Mont.; F. A. Lamont, Harshaw, Arizona; Lewis Moffett, Seward, Neb.; John Engstzon, Crested Butte, Colo.; W. Barnhard, Banner, Idaho; H. P. Mason, Salt Lake City, Utah; Henry Cardwell, Carbon, Wyoming.

The above selections have been made that each state might have a more thorough representation in the important work of this and the coming year. As far as possible active members have been chosen—that those that have not hesitated to be identified with liberal work. We ask that all disagreements and misunderstandings shall be laid aside, and that each, independent of personal likes and dislikes, shall consider only what is best for our cause. This is a critical moment in the history of this Republic. A sacred duty devolves upon us—the preservation of a nation's liberties. We cannot afford to permit a division of our forces. Chicago seems to be the battle-ground for the coming struggle. Shall it prove the Waterloo of religious liberty?

With a fanaticism worthy of the middle ages superstition has now marshaled into line its devotees, arrogantly demanding that the cross, stained with the blood of a million martyrs, shall be lifted above the flag.

"The World's Fair must be closed on Sunday," fanaticism cries, and in legislative halls and senate chambers, the un-American sentence resounds, even a judge of the Supreme Court declaring: "This is a Christian Nation!" If there ever was a time when unanimity of action on the part of liberals was a necessity, that time is now. We ask, then, that each of the above-named vice-presidents shall do what he or she can to further the work of the Union, not only in its present effort to prevent the appropriation of public funds to sectarian institutions, but arrange also for a Congress of Liberals to be held in this city during the World's Fair. If among the appointments there are those who cannot work with the Union, or do not care to serve, they are kindly requested to notify the Secretary of their declination, that others may be elected to fill their places.

The American Secular Union had hoped to build a hall. Hon. C. B. Waite, Mr. Peacock, Dr. Greer and one or two others will give \$1,000 each towards erecting a Freethought temple, providing ninety-five other liberals will take each \$1,000 worth of stock. Mr. Chas. Blackburn, of Seattle, Mich., has given \$500 in mining stock, and several gentlemen have pledged smaller sums. But the time is so near, the labor involved so great, the arousing of Free-thinkers so slow a process, that the project of building, it is feared, must be abandoned.

This, however, need not deprive the union of headquarters, as a hall can be rented and held during the Exposition. A prominent Freethought lecturer in England, writing to the Secretary, declares the proposed plan a most desirable one. It would be a grand opportunity for the liberal lecturer and the liberal public to come in contact.

The Board of Directors are anxious and ready to carry forward to consummation whatever work seems most desirable, but Liberals, remember, hereafter, should you consider the year in its results a failure, that you have but sparingly contributed to make that year a success.

## A Godsend That Brought "The Progressive Thinker."

TO THE EDITOR:—I cannot keep still.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of this week has brought such good news from all the States in reference to the 44th anniversary of modern Spiritualism. It gives me a certain pleasure to read that even now, and I believe the readers of the *Telegram* would like to read it once more; so here it is:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dew of night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the started dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks, of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of men."

I re-quote this for the reason that Dr. Buckley, who is not very accurate, made some mistakes in his version.



## SCINTILLATIONS.

## Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

## DR. FIELD AND GLADSTONE.

As to the debates with Dr. Field and Mr. Gladstone, I leave them to say whether they were or were not fairly treated. Dr. Field, by his candor, by his fairness and by the many spirit he exhibited, won my respect and love.

Most ministers imagine that any man who differs from them is a blasphemer. These words seem to leap unconsciously from their lips. They cannot imagine that another man loves liberty as much and with as sincere devotion as they love God. They cannot imagine that another prizes liberty above all gods, even if gods exist. They cannot imagine that any mind is so strong that it places Justice above all persons, a mind that cannot conceive even of a God who is not bound to do justice.

If God exists, above him, in eternal calm, is the figure of Justice.

Neither can some ministers understand a man who regards Jehovah and Jupiter as substantially the same, with this exception—that he thinks far more of Jupiter, because Jupiter had at least some human feelings.

I do not understand that a man can be guilty of blasphemy who states his honest thoughts in proper language, his object being not to torture the feelings of others but simply to give his thoughts to find and establish the truth.

Dr. Buckley makes a charge that he ought to have known to be without foundation. Speaking of myself he said:—"In him the laws to prevent the circulation of obscene publications through the mails have found their most vigorous opponent."

It is hardly necessary for me to say this is untrue. The facts are that an effort was made to classify obscene literature with what the pious call "blasphemous and immoral works." A petition was forwarded to Congress to amend the law so that the literature of Free Thought could be thrown from the mails, asking that if no separation could be made, the law should be repealed.

It was said that I had signed this petition, and I certainly should have done so had it been presented to me. The petition was absolutely proper.

## HE DISAGREED WITH THEM.

A few years ago I found the petition and discovered while it bore my name it had never been signed by me. But for the purposes of this answer I am perfectly willing that the signature should be regarded as genuine, as there is nothing in the petition that should not have been granted.

The law as it stood was opposed by the Liberal League—but not a member of that society was in favor of the circulation of obscene literature; but they did think that the privacy of the mails had been violated, and that it was of the utmost importance to maintain the inviolability of the postal service.

I disagreed with these people and favored the destruction of obscene literature not only, but that it be made a criminal offence to send it through the mails. As a matter of fact I drew up resolutions to that effect that were passed. Afterwards they were changed, or some others were passed, and I resigned from the League on that account.

Nothing can be more absurd than that I was directly or indirectly interested or could have been, interested in the circulation of obscene publications through the mails; and I will pay a premium of \$1,000 a word for each and every word I ever said or wrote in favor of sending obscene publications through the mails.

I might use much stronger language. I might follow the example of Dr. Buckley himself. But I think I have said enough to satisfy unprejudiced people that the charge is absurdly false.

## EULOGY OF WHISKEY.

Now as to the eulogy of whiskey. It gives me a certain pleasure to read that even now, and I believe the readers of the *Telegram* would like to read it once more; so here it is:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dew of night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the started dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks, of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of men."

I re-quote this for the reason that Dr. Buckley, who is not very accurate, made some mistakes in his version.

## EULOGY OF TOBACCO.

Now, in order to show the depth of degradation to which I have sunk in this direction, I will confess that I also wrote a eulogy of tobacco, and here that is:

"Nearly four centuries ago Columbus, the adventurous, in the blessed Island of Cuba, saw humpy people with rolled leaves between their lips. Above their heads were little clouds of smoke. Their faces were serene and their eyes were the autumnal heaven of content. These people were kind, innocent, gentle and loving."

The climate of Cuba is the friendship of the earth and air, and of this climate the sacred leaves were born—the leaves that breed in the mind of him who uses them the cloudless, happy days in which they grow.

These leaves make friends and celebrate with gentle rite the vows of peace.

## Married.

At my residence, 144 N. Liberty St., Elgin, Ill., on the evening of April 7, 1892, Mr. Daniel Townsend to Mrs. Olivia B. Farrel. May their life be a loving and happy one, is the wish of their many friends. G. H. BROOKS.

## A SUGGESTIVE WORK.

*STATU VOLVENTE; OR, ARTIFICIA.*  
Somnambulism. Hitherto called Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism. Containing a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of some by the French commissioners. By William Baker Farnsworth, M. D. Cloth \$1.50. Postage at this office.

They have given consolation to the world. They are the companions of the lonely—the friends of the imprisoned—of the exiled—of workers in mines—of fellers of forests—or sailors on the desolate seas. They are the givers of strength and calm to the vexed and wearied minds of those who build with thought and dream the temples of the soul.

They tell of hope and rest. They smooth the wrinkled face of care—drive fear and strange, misshapen dreads from out the mind, and all the heart with rest and peace. Within their magic warp and woof some potent gracious spell implored lies that, when released by fire, does softly steal within the fortress of the brain and bind in sleep the captured sentinels of care and grief.

These leaves are the friends of the fireside, and their smoke, like incense, rises from myriads of happy homes. Cuba is the smile of the sea.

There are some people so constituted that there is no room in the heaven of their minds for the butterflies and moths of fancy to spread their wings. Everything is taken in solemn and stupid earnest. Such men would hold Shakespeare responsible for what Falstaff said about "sack," and for Mrs. Quickly's notion of propriety.

There is an old Greek saying which is applicable here:—"In the presence of human stupidity, even the gods stand helpless."

John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church, lacked all sense of humor. He preached a sermon on the "Cause and Cure of Earthquakes." He insisted that they were caused by the wickedness of man, and that the only way to cure them was to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

The man who does not carry the torch of Humor is always in danger of falling into the pit of Absurdity.

## DR. CHARLES DEEMS.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, contributes his part to the discussion.

He took a text from John, as follows:—"He that committed sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

According to the orthodox creed of the Rev. Dr. Deems all have committed sin, and consequently all are of the devil. The Doctor is not a metaphysician. He does not care to play at sleight-of-hand with words. He stands on bed-rock, and asserts that the Devil is no Persian myth, but a personality, who works unhampered by the limitations of a physical body, and gets human personalities to aid him in his works.

According to the text, it seems that the Devil was a sinner from the beginning of things. According to the Scriptures, the Devil is the father of lies, and Dr. Deems' God is the father of the Devil—that is to say, the grandfather of lies. This strikes me as almost "blasphemous."

The Doctor also tells us "that Jesus believed as much in the personality of the Devil as in that of Herod or Pilate or John Peter."

That I admit. There is not the slightest doubt, if the New Testament be true, that Christ believed in a personal devil—a devil with whom he had conversations; a devil who took him to the pinnacle of the temple and endeavored to induce him to leap to the earth below.

Of course he believed in a personal devil. Not only so, he believed in thousands of personal devils. He cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene. He cast a legion of devils out of the man in the tombs, or, rather, made a bargain with these last-mentioned devils that they might go into a drove or herd of swine, if they would leave the man.

I not only admit that Christ believed in devils, but he believed that some devils were deaf and dumb, and so deceived.

Dr. Deems is right, and I hope he will defend against all comers the integrity of the New Testament.

## HOW DOES HE KNOW IT?

The Doctor, however, not satisfied exactly with what he finds in the New Testament, draws a little on his own imagination. He says:—

"The devil is an organizing, imperial intellect, vindictive, sharp, shrewd, persevering, the aim of whose work is to overthrow the authority of God's law."

How does the Doctor know that the devil has an organizing, imperial intellect? How does he know that he is vindictive and sharp and shrewd and persevering?

If the devil has an "imperial intellect," why does he attempt the impossible?

Robert Burns shocked Scotland by saying of the devil, or, rather, to the devil, that he was sorry for him, and hoped he would take a thought and mend.

Dr. Deems has gone far in advance of Burns. For a clergyman he seems to be exceedingly polite. Speaking of the "Arch Enemy of God"—of that "organizing, imperial intellect who is seeking to undermine the Church"—the Doctor says:

"The devil may be conceded to be sincere."

It has been said:

"An honest God is the noblest work of man," and it may now be added:—"A sincere devil is the noblest work of Dr. Deems."

But, with all the devil's smartness, sharpness and shrewdness, the Doctor says that he "cannot write a book; that he cannot deliver lectures (like myself, I suppose), edit a newspaper (like the editor of the *Telegram*) or make after-dinner speeches; but he can get his servants to do these things for him."

There is one thing in the Doctor's address that I feel like correcting. (I quote from the *Telegram's* report):

"Dr. Deems showed at length how the Son of God, the Christ of the Bible—not the Christ of the lecture platform caricatures—is operating to overcome all these works."

I take for granted that he refers to what he supposes I have said about Christ, and, for fear that he may not have read it, I give it here:

And let me say once for all that for the man Christ I have infinite respect. Let me say once for all that the place where man has died for man is holy ground.

And let me say once for all that to that great and serene man I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in his day as should be in his time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and his life was destroyed by hypocrites, who have, in all ages, done what they could to trample freedom and manhood out of the human mind. Had I

lived at that time I would have been his friend. Such is my feeling for the man. For the theological creation I have a different feeling.

I have not answered each one who has attacked my name. Neither have I mentioned those who have agreed with me. But I do take this occasion to thank all, irrespective of their creeds, who have manfully advocated the right of free speech, and who have upheld the *Telegram* in the course it has taken. I thank all who have said a kind word for me, and I also feel quite grateful to those who have failed to say unkind words. Epithets are not arguments. To abuse is not to convince. Anger is stupid and malice illogical.

And, after all that has appeared by way of reply, I still insist that orthodox Christianity did not come with "tidings of great joy"—but with a message of eternal grief.

These leaves are the friends of the fireside, and their smoke, like incense, rises from myriads of happy homes. Cuba is the smile of the sea.

There are some people so constituted that there is no room in the heaven of their minds for the butterflies and moths of fancy to spread their wings. Everything is taken in solemn and stupid earnest. Such men would hold Shakespeare responsible for what Falstaff said about "sack," and for Mrs. Quickly's notion of propriety.

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# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOKS OF MODERN TIMES. BY MRS. N. C. MAYNARD. EVERY SPIRITUALIST IN AMERICA SHOULD READ IT.

### No Stability in Creeds.

A superficial glance at the religious world, and it seems as if opinions were fixed and changeless. And yet how fleeting. For a thousand years the Catholics swayed the destiny of the world. The Pope, at the head of the church, gave laws to every kingdom and principality in Europe. He parceled out the New World to his subject kings, and enforced obedience to his will by bulls. Behold how changed. Save in the Vatican, his temporal power is gone, and his spiritual authority is rapidly waning.

When the civil revolution cropped out in France, in 1789, the church held unlimited sway throughout the empire. In a few months its control was gone, the people were free, and a republic rose on the ruins of monarchy. But for the excesses of Robespierre, himself a churchman, the new order of things would have been permanent. It required a despot, who appeared in the person of Bonaparte, to restore the ancient order of things. Honest thought was suppressed by military force. It will be so restrained until a favorable opportunity, when it will again assert itself, however great the opposition.

Bruno was burned at the stake 400 years ago for entertaining liberal ideas, the assembled multitudes jeering at his agony. Only four centuries later, a monument was raised to his memory, on the very place where he was burned amid the plaudits of admiring multitudes the whole world, less a bigot pope, looking on with admiration.

This inclination to change is going forward with constantly increasing rapidity. Churchmen are well aware of this fact, and are vainly striving to turn back the setting tide, else protract the present order of things as long as possible. It was hoped to stay progress by the revival of dead creeds; but to-day there is not a creed in all Christendom which is not experiencing the pangs incidental to new birth. Even Catholics have made great advances, discarding many of the most obnoxious teachings; while the Church of England has left many of her old notions behind, and is gradually approximating to a more reasonable faith. The "sun do move;" an endless hell, and a psalm-singing heaven, are left for the Jaspers, Sam Joneses, and witless Talmages to teach.

Another generation will witness greater changes than has the present. It is the result of general education, enlarged ideas, and the becoming obsolete of laws which prevented just criticism on false beliefs.

The great World's Fair, now at our doors, has already become a powerful educator. Decide the Sunday opening as the Commissioners may, free thought is the gainer. If the Fair is closed against the laborer, with vicious resorts wide open, the church may prepare for a moral stampede from its vice-engendering, knowledge-blasting, ignorance-encouraging citadels, where Bigotry is bred and Superstition is rampant.

### Logic of the Camp Versus Logic of the Clergy.

Gov. Chas. Robinson, in his *Kansas Conflict*, just from the press, gives an interesting narrative of an overland trip through Kansas to California, in the spring of 1849. The party left Kansas City on the 10th of May for their long and tiresome journey. It consisted of several hundred adventurers, drawn together for a common purpose, to amass fortunes in the new Eldorado on the Pacific. They were very generally strangers to each other, coming from every part of the country, each entertaining religious views in harmony with those entertained in regions from whence they came.

The Governor states that on the first Saturday of the journey darkness came on before water was reached. Camping for the night, Sunday morning they passed on to the Wakarusa, some two to three miles away. Hence, after watering their stock, the question arose whether they should rest in camp for the day, or advance. An animated discussion of the Sunday question followed, a majority deciding to go on. Reaching a point within some four miles of the present site of Lawrence, an ox met with a serious accident which disabled him for service. "Here is a judgment of God for breaking the Sabbath," said the pious one. As no further progress could be made for the day, the residue was devoted to theological discussion. Says the Governor:

"One party claimed it was a direct interposition to punish Sabbath-breaking, while the other put the accident to the account of too long coupling-chains and bad driving. One party appealed to the Decalogue, and the other called for its reading. When it was found the seventh day instead of the first was enjoined to be observed, and that for a special reason which applied only to the Jews, an appeal was made to the New Testament, where it was claimed the command was made applicable to the first day of the week. The discussion was closed, on one side, by offering a dollar for every word in the New Testament enjoining the observance of any day as a Sabbath; and on the other, by devoting the remainder of the day in searching the Testament. No claim was ever made for the prize-money, and these sticklers for Sabbath observance were afterwards seen betting at monte in Sacramento, having evidently lost their Puritanic scruples."

### The Work at St. Johns—Hints as to Meetings.

I. D. Richmond, writing from St. Johns, Mich., gives a pleasant little account of the doings of their Spiritualist Society. They had regular Sunday evening meetings at private residences all winter, with a very fair attendance. In February arrangements were made for the use of a small hall, in which the meetings have been regularly held. They have a fine medium, Bessie Green Osborn, who has developed amongst them. Last month they made her a surprise party, and presented her with a willow chair in appreciation of the good she has done them. Mrs. Babcock, the President of the Society, made a fitting little speech, closing with these words:

"Although the days of life are short, may we not lose our love for such scenes of friendship and sociality as this, and at the end may it be said of each and every one of us that the world has been better for our presence?"

Is there not a suggestion in this action of our St. John's friends for those who, in different parts of the country, are mourning because they are out of the track of public speakers, mediums, etc.? If there are only two or three liberal-minded people in a neighborhood, let them get together regularly once a week, have a programme of exercises, read something out of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and talk about it—not ARGUE. This, with a little music, will start harmonious vibrations of spiritual influences towards you. If you are in earnest, your rooms will always be full of the dear ones, who, still loving you, are glad to be with you, to cheer and help you when you make for them harmonious conditions. Try this plan, and see if your hungry hearts, starving for the truth, will not be fed with the food that the world at large knows not of.

### Anniversary Reports.

Notwithstanding our ample notice that we would publish accounts of the forty-fourth anniversary, the idea was so novel that a good many articles failed to reach us. Never in the history of Spiritualism has any paper had the enterprise which THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER devoted to that issue. It is a perfect epitome of the condition of Spiritualism at the present time. Having once had a taste of what a true spiritual paper can do, our readers will know what to expect next time, and we hope will get their reports here in time to take part in the grand procession. We can only notice briefly the reports of the First Spiritual Society of Springfield, Illinois, J. Q. A. Floyd Secretary, and D. N. Lepper President; of the First Spiritual Society of Tacoma, Mrs. McKenzie, Secretary; of the Spiritualists of North Yakima, Washington, James A. Beck, Secretary; of the First Spiritual Society of San Jose Cal., Mrs. H. S. Bigelow Secretary, E. C. Galliard President, and several others.

These reports, more or less full, we cannot use, because every day brings new happenings, and in a month people have begun to forget.

If our friends will take notice that when we make an announcement we mean business to the full extent of our ability, we shall not be obliged to feel disappointed that they do not do their best in time.

### Getting in Its Work.

Now comes the intelligence that the first effective work of lightning this spring was the destruction of three Christian churches. When the good Dutch brother was asked for a contribution to put a lightning-rod on the church he replied: "If God Almighty wants to dunder down his own home, he has a right to, and I won't give a cent to prevent him."

### Franklin's Creed.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the most strictly American minds this country has ever produced; the most judicial, strong and just the world has ever seen. He was great in many directions; as a statesman, diplomat and scientist. The belief of such a man has weight, and as he was not a church member, the moral code by which he regulated his conduct is of the more importance. The following was his creed:

"I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe; that he governs it by his providence; that the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children; that the soul of man is immortal and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion."

### The Logic of Churchmen.

The Copernican theory that the sun is the center of the solar system, around which the planets revolve, and they upon their axes, called into existence a world of valuable literature that is highly instructive, as it is dug up from ancient hiding places. Scipio Chiaramonte, an Italian astronomer, who dedicated his great work to Cardinal Barberini, makes very lucid argument against the theory, which we commend to churchmen: Animals which move have limbs and muscles; the earth has no limbs, therefore it does not move. It is angels who make Saturn, Jupiter, the sun, etc., turn round. If the earth revolves, it must also have an angel in the center to set it in motion; but only devils live there; it would therefore be a Devil who would impart motion to the earth."

That is the kind of logic churchmen employed against science only 25 years ago, and which met with general favor.

### The Unseen Universe.

We have previously alluded to this new venture by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. Those who have read her numerous contributions in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER can realize that she is a very gifted lady. The first number of *The Unseen Universe* contains 48 pages. Terms to American subscribers, \$2 per year; single number 20 cents. Address Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, The Lindsays, Humphry street, Cheatham Hill, Manchester, England.

### A Good Suggestion.

One of our correspondents suggests that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER be printed on parchment, or some other indestructible material. He says that in his neighborhood it is read and re-read, and then read over again, and folded and refolded, until the reading is all read off the paper; that is, absorbed into the thoughts and minds of the readers. Really, it is no fault of ours that we make so readable a paper. We can't help it.

### The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

Hudson Tuttle has something to say of interest in reference to this forthcoming work, in another column. The number of the paper containing the Chiniquy version of the assassination of Lincoln reached 140,000. We think that there should be that number of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" sold. Every Spiritualist should have a copy; every patriotic American will want one; every one who desires to learn something of the intrigues of the Catholic church, cannot find any better illustration of the same than furnished in this work by Hudson Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle, who has made a deep and lasting impression on the present age, can feel gratified with the fact that the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" first appeared in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER does feel deeply pleased that there lives such a man as Hudson Tuttle, to write such a remarkable narrative for its pages. There was a wonderful fitness of things—it first appearance in our paper. It reached a larger class than it possibly could if published in any other Spiritualist paper, thus doing a correspondingly greater amount of good.

We called upon our readers to inundate Mr. Tuttle with orders for the work, and they did shower them upon him from all sides! Now, do not let the good work stop! Send the money for the work at once. Let Mr. Tuttle understand that your word is good.

Spiritualists, the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," in book form, should be in every family circle. It should go hand in hand with the Chiniquy version of the assassination of Lincoln in redeeming the world from superstitions.

### Difference of Opinion.

One of the best analytical preachers in Chicago thinks that Aaron's calf-god was better than Moses' war-god, and that Aaron deserved praise instead of blame for making it, because the calf was a symbol of innocence, hence, an improvement on that of Moses, and would not have killed so many people.

This reminds us of an old friend of ours, who said: "God is to you what ever you think he is." You can always tell what one is by what he believes about God. One who believes that God will send his undeveloped children to an eternal hell, you never can trust him; he would roast you if he could.

Joseph H. Dorety, of Oakland, Cal., writes: "Easter Sunday, notwithstanding the extra attractions in the churches our audiences were as large as usual, and Dr. Dean Clark instructed us regarding the laws and conditions governing spirit phenomena, and was followed by Prof. F. Corden with tests. The conditions must have been good, because both gentlemen got splendid results. The exciting affair of the day, however, was an attempt of the Steens to swindle Spiritualists and delude the public for the benefit of their pocket, in which affair, to use a slang phrase, they got left, as we checkmated them by our counter advertisements, and the deceived mob of people they gathered together did the rest, as you will see from enclosed clippings."

### Spiritualism in St. Louis, Mo.

I am pleased with St. Louis Spiritualists. So far as my experience goes they are a generous, cordial, social, appreciative people, and alive to the good works inspired by the Spirit-world. I am delighted with the home provided for me and the hospitable care I receive from Bro. Charles Brown and his cultured and truly spiritual companion. It is full of sunshine and rest, and I am thankful for such congenial environments.

The Ladies' Aid is prospering and apparently harmonious. Its membership is large and represents a superior class. Mrs. Sheehan was the primitive organizer, and it has grown healthfully and is a strong support to the main Society of Spiritualists. The audiences at the Sunday meetings are appreciative and give a helpful influence to speakers.

The city press treats Spiritualism respectfully and publishes favorable notices of the society's work and reports of its meetings. Last Sunday's *Globe Democrat* has a three-column article on Spiritualism in St. Louis, with a long and (considering the manner of its origin) remarkable communication from Swedenborg. It gives a historical sketch of the cause in this city, running back thirty years or more, and presents a picture of Captain Joseph Brown and Swedenborg.

Within the past year the public work has been carried forward with steady persistency under the leadership of Joseph Brown, city auditor, and later by a newly-equipped society, with S. M. Beckwith for President. Among speakers who have done credit to the cause in the last year are Mrs. Ada Sheehan, Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Clara Field Conant, Mrs. Orvis, J. Frank Baxter, Moses Hull and Mattie E. Hull.

And still the work widens and interest grows. J. Frank Baxter is engaged for May, and Dr. F. L. H. Willis for October. In many places the awakening gives evidence of a new impetus moving the spiritual tide, and more appreciation of the educational work, which is indispensable to a rational interpretation of phenomena, and without which the chaotic floods of phenomenal marvels can never accomplish their high mission or secure the confidence and respect of cultured people. The real work of the spiritual platform is scarcely yet commenced, and if my impressions are worth anything, the truly valuable phenomena have scarcely begun the development which in the next 44 years will astonish even veteran Spiritualists.

Under the new impetus now setting in from both sides of the death-line, Spiritualism will become a recognized science, and the world's approved religion.

LYMAN C. HOWE.  
4227 Lucky St., St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, of Bangor, Mich., wish to give their testimony as to the excellent mediumship of Mrs. Levi Wood, of South Haven, Mich. She has been a guest of their home for a week or more, and a deep interest was awakened through her mediumship.

S. L. Emery, of Smalley, Ohio, says: "This is a time of wonderful improvements in many things, and in nothing within my knowledge is there a greater improvement than you have made and are making in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

From Stockton, Cal., Mrs. C. A. Bacon tells us how the Spiritualists of that place have been favored with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Cornell, Dr. C. M. Goo and the four lectures of M. Ravlin, of San Jose, all these have done excellent work for the cause of genuine progress.

E. C. A. Sutton writes as follows from 31 Monroe Ave., Detroit, Mich.: "No. 126 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is just to hand with my letter on the front page, but signed E. C. A. Luther, instead of E. C. A. Sutton. I am open to speak for any liberal society, Spiritualists included, as far as my business engagements will permit. Terms will be made to suit. Anyone wishing to have Spiritualism and kindred topics advocated and explained in a strictly scientific and logical manner and at the same time free from burdonous technicalities, can address me for particulars."

F. D. Dunakin, Grand President of the Patrons of Industry, of Ohio, writes from Cecil, of that State, giving us a hearty handshake of approval for the independent course of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He says: "What a contrast there is between the common daily and weekly partisan, political periodicals' pick up from day to day, and such soul-inspiring papers as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; the substance of the former recites all that is low, groveling and vicious; the latter is like balm to the bruised and bleeding soul, teaching us to do unto our neighbor as the still, small voice prompts us to do. Thus we can grow out of the darkness into the light."

Mrs. W. H. Lloyd, in a letter from Colorado Springs, Col., says they have been enjoying the company of Prof. Lockwood and wife for the last five weeks. The Professor has spoken twice on Sunday and once during the week. She alludes to their approaching departure with regret, as the sentiments of all those to whom he has so kindly and tenderly ministered. Prof. W. S. Peck is to speak on his way to the coast, and after that Mrs. Crawford will resume her work with a hearty welcome home from her congregation.

Mrs. Rosa C. Trundy, writing from East Dixmont, Me., gives an interesting account of the celebration of Bro. Richard Ford's eighty-third birthday on March 21st. The exercises were all interesting and appropriate, and Mrs. Trundy's control furnished a pretty poem for the occasion. If it had been shorter we might have found

## AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

## ELECTED VICE-PRESIDENTS.

The following well-known liberals have been elected by the Board of Directors honorary Vice-Presidents of the American Secular Union: Nathaniel L. Perkins, Bangor, Maine; Parker Pillsbury, Concord, N. H.; John D. Powers, Woodstock, Vt.; Susan H. Wixson, Fall River, Mass.; N. F. Griswold, Meriden, Conn.; Julius Fehr, Hoboken, N. J.; Thaddeus B. Wakeman, New York city; Dr. R. B. Westbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marcus Heighton, Kent, Ohio; W. W. Wilson, Spiceland, Ind.; Otto Wetstein, Rochelle, Ill.; E. Chope, Detroit, Mich.; G. E. Swan, M. D., Beaver Dam, Wis.; Dr. G. A. F. de Lespinasse, Orange City, Iowa; Jacob Hoffner, Fort Snelling, Minn.; G. G. Beck, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. J. Burwells Williams, Kittrells, N. C.; Seborn Kitchens, Sr., Gibson, Ga.; T. W. Shank, Hurricane, W. Va.; W. F. Aldrich, Aldrich, Ala.; Capt. E. C. Garber, Green Cove Springs, Florida; J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas; F. W. Hill, Little Rock, Ark.; P. C. Isbell, Manchester, Tenn.; Daniel Dresser, Newport, Ken.; John Remsburg, Oak Mills, Kan.; G. W. Watson, Washington, D. C.; C. B. Reynolds, Fremont, Wash.; Samos Parsons, San Jose, Cal.; A. K. and M. J. Olds, McMinnville, Oregon; Rosseau Hess, Fort Custer, Mon.; F. A. Lamont, Harshaw, Arizona; Lewis Moffett, Seward, Neb.; John Engstrom, Crested Butte, Colo.; W. Barnhard, Banner, Idaho; H. P. Mason, Salt Lake City, Utah; Henry Cardwell, Carbon, Wyoming.

The above selections have been made that each state might have a more thorough representation in the important work of this and the coming year. As far as possible active members have been chosen—those that have not hesitated to be identified with liberal work. We ask that all agreements and misunderstandings shall be laid aside, and that each, independent of personal likes and dislikes, shall consider only what is best for our cause. This is a critical moment in the history of this Republic. A sacred duty devolves upon us—the preservation of a nation's liberties. We cannot afford to permit a division of our forces, Chicago seems to be the battle-ground for the coming struggle. Shall it prove the Waterloo of religious liberty?

With a fanaticism worthy of the middle ages superstition has now marshaled into line its devotees, arrogantly demanding that the cross, stained with the blood of a million martyrs, shall be lifted above the flag.

"The World's Fair must be closed on Sunday," fanaticism cries, and in legislative halls and senate chambers, the un-American sentence resounds, even a judge of the Supreme Court declaring: "This is a Christian Nation!" If there ever was a time when unanimity of action on the part of liberals was a necessity, that time is now. We ask, then, that each of the above-named vice-presidents shall do what he or she can to further the work of the Union, not only in its present effort to prevent the appropriation of public funds to sectarian institutions, but arrange also for a Congress of Liberals to be held in this city during the World's Fair. If among the appointments there are those who cannot work with the Union, or do not care to serve, they are kindly requested to notify the Secretary of their declination, that others may be elected to fill their places.

The American Secular Union had hoped to build a hall. Hon. C. B. Waite, Mr. Peacock, Dr. Greer and one or two others will give \$1,000 each towards erecting a Freethought temple, providing ninety-five other liberals will take each \$1,000 worth of stock. Mr. Chas. Blackburn, of Seattle, Mich., has given \$500 in mining stock and several gentlemen have pledged smaller sums. But the time is so near, the labor involved so great, the arousing of Free-thinkers so slow a process, that the project of building, it is feared, must be abandoned.

This, however, need not deprive the union of headquarters, as a hall can be rented and held during the Exposition. A prominent Freethought lecturer in England, writing to the Secretary, declares the proposed plan a most desirable one. It would be a grand opportunity for the liberal lecturer and the liberal public to come in contact.

The Board of Directors are anxious and ready to carry forward to consummation whatever work seems most desirable, but Liberals, remember, hereafter should you consider the year in its results a failure, that you have but sparingly contributed to make that year a success.

Mrs. M. A. FREEMAN,  
Cor. Sec. American Secular Union.

**A Godsend That Brought "The Progressive Thinker."**

To the EDITOR:—I cannot keep still. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of this week has brought such good news from all the States in reference to the 44th anniversary of modern Spiritualism. It fills my spiritual nature so full that I want to shout "Glory to the great Spirit Father for the light that is penetrating the dark places!" For forty-two years I have struggled and fought with legions of wrong, till my armor has caught the gleam of eternity's Sunday! I am now so rejoiced that the truth has manifested itself in the many outpourings of thousands at the anniversaries, that I want to take all by the hand and bid them Godspeed! The dawn is breaking, and soon the bright effulgence of the sun of Spiritualism will illuminate the darkened minds till they will radiate with celestial intelligence. It was a Godsend that brought out THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It carries to thousands of homes the truths of immortality and inspiration, and long may it live to send forth the truth to thousands. We had a grand, good meeting at Coloma, of which Brother Lewis informs you.

South Haven, Mich. S. G. SHEFFER.

**Married.**

At my residence, 144 N. Liberty St., Elgin, Ill., on the evening of April 7, 1892, Mr. Daniel Townsend to Mrs. Olivia B. Farrel. May their life be a loving and happy one, is the wish of their many friends. G. H. BROOKS.

**A SUGGESTIVE WORK.**

**STATUE VOLCANO; OR, ARTIFICIAL SOUNDS.** Hitherto called Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism. Containing a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by French commissioners. By William Stock, M. D. Cloth \$1.50. For sale at



## SCINTILLATIONS.

## Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

## DR. FIELD AND GLADSTONE.

As to the debates with Dr. Field and Mr. Gladstone, I leave them to say whether they were or were not fairly treated. Dr. Field, by his candor, by his fairness and by the manly spirit he exhibited won my respect and love.

Most ministers imagine that any man who differs from them is a blasphemer. These words seem to leap unconsciously from their lips. They cannot imagine that another man loves liberty as much and with as sincere devotion as they love God. They cannot imagine that another prizes liberty above all gods, even if gods exist. They cannot imagine that any mind is so soft that it places Justice above all persons, a mind that cannot conceive even of a God who is not bound to do justice.

If God exists, above him, in eternal calm, is the figure of Justice.

Neither can some ministers understand a man who regards Jehovah and Jupiter as substantially the same, with this exception—that he thinks far more of Jupiter, because Jupiter had at least some human feelings.

I do not understand that a man can be guilty of blasphemy who states his honest thoughts in proper language, his object being not to torture the feelings of others but simply to give his thought to find and establish the truth.

Dr. Buckley makes a charge that he ought to have known to be without foundation. Speaking of myself he said:—"In him the laws to prevent the circulation of obscene publications through the mails have found their most vigorous opponent."

It is hardly necessary for me to say this is untrue. The facts are that an effort was made to classify obscene literature with what the pious call "blasphemous and immoral works." A petition was forwarded to Congress to amend the law so that the literature of Free Thought could be thrown from the mails, asking that if no separation could be made, the law should be repealed.

It was said that I had signed this petition, and I certainly should have done so had it been presented to me. The petition was absolutely proper.

**HE DISAGREED WITH THEM.**

A few years ago I found the petition and discovered while it bore my name it had never been signed by me. But for the purposes of this answer I am perfectly willing that the signature should be regarded as genuine, as there is nothing in the petition that should not have been granted.

The law as it stood was opposed by the Liberal League—but not a member of that society was in favor of the circulation of obscene literature; but they did think that the privacy of the mails had been violated, and that it was of the utmost importance to maintain the inviolability of the postal service.

I disagreed with these people and favored the destruction of obscene literature not only, but that it be made a criminal offence to send it through the mails. As a matter of fact I drew up resolutions to that effect that were passed. Afterwards they were changed, or some others were passed, and I resigned from the League on that account.

Nothing can be more absurd than that I was directly or indirectly interested or could have been, interested in the circulation of obscene publications through the mails; and I will pay a premium of \$1,000 a word for each and every word I ever said or wrote in favor of sending obscene publications through the mails.

I might use much stronger language. I might follow the example of Dr. Buckley himself. But I think I have said enough to satisfy unprejudiced people that the charge is absurdly false.

**EULOGY OF WHISKEY.**

Now as to the eulogy of whiskey. It gives me a certain pleasure to read that even now, and I believe the readers of the *Telegram* would like to read it once more; so here it is:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dew of night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the started dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks, of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

I re-quote this for the reason that Dr. Buckley, who is not very accurate, made some mistakes in his version.

**EULOGY OF TOBACCO.**

Now, in order to show the depth of degradation to which I have sunk in this direction, I will confess that I also wrote a eulogy of tobacco, and here that is:

Nearly four centuries ago Columbus, the adventurous, in the blessed Island of Cuba, saw happy people with rolled leaves between their lips. Above their heads were little clouds of smoke. Their faces were serene and their eyes were the autumnal heaven of content. These people were kind, innocent, gentle and loving.

The climate of Cuba is the friendship of the earth and air, and of this climate, the sacred leaves were born—the leaves that breed in the mind of him who uses them the cloudless, happy days in which they grew.

These leaves make friends and celebrate with gentle rite the vows of peace.

They have given consolation to the world. They are the companions of the lonely—the friends of the imprisoned—of the exiled—of workers in mines—of sailors on the desolate seas. They are the givers of strength and calm to the vexed and wearied minds of those who build with thought and dream the temples of the soul.

They smooth the wrinkled brows of care—drive fear and strange, misshapen dreads from out the mind, and fill the heart with rest and peace. Within their magic warp and woof some potent, gracious spell imprisoned lies that, when released by fire, does softly steal within the fortress of the brain and bind in sleep the captured sentinels of care and grief.

These leaves are the friends of the fireside, and their smoke, like incense, rises from myriads of happy homes. Cuba is the smile of the sea.

There are some people so constituted that there is no room in the heaven of their minds for the butterflies and moths of fancy to spread their wings. Everything is taken in solemn and stupid earnest. Such men would hold Shakespeare responsible for what Falstaff said about "sack," and for Mrs. Quickly's notion of property.

There is an old Greek saying which is applicable here:—"In the presence of human stupidity, even the gods stand helpless."

John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church, lacked all sense of humor. He preached a sermon on the "Cause and Cure of Earthquakes." He insisted that they were caused by the wickedness of man, and that the only way to cure them was to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

The man who does not carry the torch of Honor is always in danger of falling into the pit of Absurdity.

**DR. CHARLES DEEMS.**

The Rev. Dr. Chas. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, contributes his part to the discussion.

He took a text from John, as follows:—"He that committed sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

According to the orthodox creed of the Rev. Dr. Deems all have committed sin, and consequently all are of the devil. The Doctor is not a metaphysician. He does not care to play at sleight-of-hand with words. He stands on bed-rock, and he asserts that the Devil is no Persian myth, but a personality, who works unhindered by the limitations of a physical body, and gets human personalities to aid him in his works.

According to the text, it seems that the Devil was a sinner from the beginning of things. According to Dr. Deems' creed, his God is the Creator of all things, and consequently must have been the Creator of the Devil. According to the Scriptures, the Devil is the father of lies, and Dr. Deems' God is the father of the Devil—that is to say, the grandfather of lies. This strikes me as almost "blasphemous."

The Doctor also tells us "that Jesus believed as much in the personality of the Devil as in that of Herod or Pilate or John or Peter."

That I admit. There is not the slightest doubt, if the New Testament be true, that Christ believed in a personal devil—a devil with whom he had conversations; a devil who took him to the pinnacle of the temple and endeavored to induce him to leap to the earth below.

Of course he believed in a personal devil. Not only so, he believed in thousands of personal devils. He cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene. He cast a legion of devils out of the man in the tombs, or, rather, made a bargain with these last-mentioned devils that they might go into a drove or herd of swine, if they would leave the man.

I not only admit that Christ believed in devils, but he believed that some devils were deaf and dumb, and so declared.

Dr. Deems is right, and I hope he will defend against all comers the integrity of the New Testament.

**HOW DOES HE KNOW IT?**

The Doctor, however, not satisfied exactly with what he finds in the New Testament, draws a little on his own imagination. He says:—

"The devil is an organizing, imperial intellect, vindictive, sharp, shrewd, persevering, the aim of whose work is to overthrow the authority of God's law."

How does the Doctor know that the devil has an organizing, imperial intellect? How does he know that he is vindictive and sharp and shrewd and persevering?

If the devil has an "imperial intellect," why does he attempt the impossible?

Robert Burns shocked Scotland by saying of the devil, or, rather, to the devil, that he was sorry for him, and hoped he would take a thought and mend.

Dr. Deems has gone far in advance of Burns. For a clergyman he seems to be exceedingly polite. Speaking of the "Arch Enemy of God"—of that "organizing, imperial intellect who is seeking to undermine the Church"—the Doctor says:

"The devil may be conceded to be sincere."

It has been said:

"An honest God is the noblest work of man," and it may now be added:—"A sincere devil is the noblest work of Dr. Deems."

But, with all the devil's smartness, sharpness and shrewdness, the Doctor says that he "cannot write a book"; that he cannot deliver lectures (like myself, I suppose), edit a newspaper (like the editor of the *Telegram*) or make after-dinner speeches; but he can get his servants to do these things for him."

There is one thing in the Doctor's address that I feel like correcting. (I quote from the *Telegram's* report):

"Dr. Deems showed at length how the Son of God, the Christ of the Bible—not the Christ of the lecture platform caricatures—is operating to overcome all these works."

I take for granted that he refers to what he supposes I have said about Christ, and, for fear that he may not have read it, I give it here:

And let me say once for all that for the man Christ I have infinite respect. Let me say once for all that the place where man has died for man is holy ground. And let me say once for all that to that great and serene man I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in his day as should be his time. He was regarded as blasphemous, and his life was destroyed by hypocrites, who have, in all ages, done what they could to trample down and manhood out of the human mind. Had I

lived at that time I would have been his friend. Such is my feeling for the man. For the theological creation I have a different feeling.

I have not answered each one who has mentioned those who have agreed with me. But I do take this occasion to thank all, irrespective of their creeds, who have manfully advocated the right of free speech, and who have upheld the *Telegram* in the course it has taken. I thank all who have said a kind word for me, and I also feel quite grateful to those who have failed to say unkind words. Epithets are not arguments. To abuse is not to convince. Anger is stupid and malice illogical.

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There are some people so constituted that there is no room in the heaven of their minds for the butterflies and moths of fancy to spread their wings. Everything is taken in solemn and stupid earnest. Such men would hold Shakespeare responsible for what Falstaff said about "sack," and for Mrs. Quickly's notion of property.

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## BUNDY'S CRITIC!

His Laudable Effort to Reconstruct  
Him and Make an Angel of Him.

Quixote Troubles and Possible  
Retirement.

Our Sir Knight's powers ought to secure to him the confidence of all our people. The reason he has not long ago won both the affections and confidence of those he ought to make friends of, is the unwise Quixotism of his methods. These are the same as were those of the man who secured the honor of knighthood from an innkeeper under the mistaken supposition that said innkeeper was a great lord of a great castle having the required authority.

If any should think that he who confers like honors upon our Sir Knight, is such an inferior person as he who in the yard of his inn knighted the first Quixote, let them not on that account fail to recognize the equal right of the second to all the honors freely accorded to the first illustrious Knight mentioned; for even small reason shows that our valiant Sir Knight is fully as deserving of all knightly honors as was his illustrious predecessor.

It is cause for regret that Quixote's chivalry should operate against him in such a way as to cause so many of our people to think like Dr. M. E. Congar, who, in *The Progressive Thinker* of April 9th, page 6, says: "Col. John Bundy is not and never will be a Spiritualist."

I want here to remind my readers that in a former letter I told them I had often tried to defend the medium-fighter against this charge; and I want to say now, that I yet believe him to be a Spiritualist; but am tired of his very simple tricks; and I believe I have the right to think that his chivalrous exploits make him appear the most inconsistent and foolish of all the inconsistent and the foolish that we have ever known or heard of.

See now how he stands. Psychic research is his hobby, but mediums are the skeletons of his closet, and advanced phenomena are to him as is a red flag to a bull, at sight of which the bull fights with the same kind of fool courage that our valiant Knight shows in his blind fury against our best mediums. Yet Bundy does occasionally say, in substance, that the truths of Spiritualism are fully proven by the phenomena through mediums, and that he does believe it. Therefore, I believe he is a Spiritualist; but I reserve the right to class his exploits with those of the Quixote of Cervantes, or with the blind fury of the poor victim of the Spanish bull fight.

Out of these things his troubles and inconsistencies grow, and many things, too, that perplex and embarrass him in his advocacy of truth as he sees it; for, when he by his hobby would demonstrate spirit truth, then, as that hobby is only the initial to the more convincing phenomena, he can only take his pupils to the extent of that initial. He has not much to offer; for, as mediums and the more advanced phenomena are to him only as the red flag to the bull, it follows that his teaching fails to impress spirit truth with much force on any one, while it tends to prepare all to join in the cry that the mediums are all frauds and to make them tell him so, as did the Seybert Commissioners, who were evidently under the influence of Bundyism, and as Lombroso did in the *R. P. Journal* of April 9th, page 3rd, where our Knight represents him, thus: "Professor Lombroso says he has found but two genuine mediums in Italy." If Lombroso knows our Knight as well as we do, it is not likely he would expect him to find one; he, therefore, is entitled to the credit of going about two better than Bundy.

Oh! Quixote, look over the field, and see how you have purified Spiritualism! See how dubious follow your tortuous, vindictive course (as naturally as a blighting frost follows the approach of winter), in relation to the cause you pretend to purify; and then, if you really want to do it some good, wake up to the fact that the biggest enemy connected with Spiritualism will be eradicated when you leave off imitating the dumb fury of the bull in the ring; and the follies of the wind-mill fighter, and learn to be guided by your common sense, if you have any, instead of playing the part of a second Quixote.

In Bundy's criticism of Florence Marryott's Testimony, see *R. P. Journal*, April 2nd, page 2nd, we read: "She seems to have had very wonderful Spiritualistic experiences, and had she omitted the names of the mediums her testimony would have had far more weight."

Oh! Quixote, you could not notice the book without showing the red-flag effect the mention of the names of mediums had on you. Oh! no. There was a chance for another dig at the instruments the angels used to communicate with mortals, and, true to your instincts, you improved the opportunity. Those mediums were frauds, I suppose, were they not? But where, oh, Quixote, where are the mediums that you think are not frauds? Was he of the telegraph from here to heaven genuine? Oh, yes! Ha! ha! Who does not remember the heavy headlines calling attention to the genuine medium endorsed by the *Religious-Philosophical Journal*; and who, when he thinks of it, will not ask himself which of the two, Quixote or the bull, show the least sense. Then there was Dr. H. Slade, he was genuine, too, and ventured into our Knight's "own house," and through whose mediumistic aid said Knight saw, felt, and heard wonderful things; but some one put up a Bundy kind of "job" on him, and Quixote immediately endorsed his own kind of work, even though it was done by others instead of himself.

After these about the only one that the great infallible judge of genuineness could depend on that was left "pure" and genuine, was Mrs. Maud Lord Drake; but, oh, my! oh, my! she is gone—gone the way Slade went. Oh, my! will trouble never cease?

However, a strange thing has come to *not* pass, for a whole week has gone and Quixote

has not jumped into the fray to help on Mrs. Lord's persecutors. Is it possible that he will not do so? Such a thing seems too much to even hope for, and yet there are reasons why he may not. Let us hope that he may yet come to his right mind.

No one ever yet said a medium was not just right, but Bundy was ready to help prove the calumny a truth, no matter how false it was; nor can anybody show that he ever took a hopeful or charitable view of any such case, and it is not likely he wants to do so now, but perhaps he may be forced, almost, to do so in this particular case, or else admit that Dr. Conger is right when he says: "Col. John Bundy is not—a Spiritualist."

Just think of poor Quixote's deplorable predicament with only three genuine mediums; and then Slade fell and he only had two, and then the "telegraph line from here to heaven" failed, and the operator was a fraud, too, and the poor Knight of infallible judgment, relative to genuineness, had only one really genuine medium left. It is very sad indeed. Oh, my! oh, my!

Digressing a little, I want to confess that I took all of those "From Here to Heaven" Journals to a minister, and, at my request, he read them, and when he returned them he said, relative to that specimen of Bundyism, that it was "Wonderful! wonderful!" and now when I meet that minister, as I frequently do, I always wonder if he knows the very wonderful sequel to them, and then I want to go off somewhere and kick myself, and all because I was such a dupe as to be made a fool of by the great infallible judge of genuine mediumship.

Well, Quixote, you have one left yet. Don't give up this last one. Keep her to rally your courage around, and let her be to you a kind of forlorn hope on which to rest some sort of reform of your peculiar views relative to mediums.

I saw a hopeful symptom in the *Religious-Philosophical Journal* of April 9th, sixteenth page, where Quixote commends very highly a certain journal sent him by his Roman Catholic friends from Italy. The title of it, he tells us, is *Divus Thomas*, or, in English, *Divine Thomas*, or, more fully, *Saint Thomas Aquinas*. Suppose, now, he should say as much for some poor medium as he there said for a saint who did not need his sympathy. It would be very hard, I know, for him to do it; but if he will only try, it may help to start him on a better way, so that he may do Spiritualism less harm, even if he does it no good.

In view of the latter possibility I think our people could be relied on to pray for his conversion, if only further indications should enable them to do so with that faith necessary to make their prayers effectual. At present, however, the degree of faith needed to accomplish any good in his case is, probably, about the same as would be required to move mountains and cause them to be cast into the sea. Yet, if he should say a kind word of any poor medium who needs it, as Mrs. Drake, for instance, it would be very encouraging; for, if I remembered, he never yet did any such kindly thing. It would, indeed, be a very wonderful thing for him to do. However, let us have faith like unto a grain of mustard seed. I am really anxious to see if he will embrace the opportunity the injustice to Mrs. Maud Lord Drake offers him to break his former rule of action in such cases, for I believe that ever reader of his *Journal* is fully satisfied that Bundy has full confidence in her entire honesty and truthfulness, and considers her a perfect lady; but will he say so now? Does any one think he will? I, for one, do not. My faith in him is not strong enough to enable me to hope for any such thing, but I will wait and see.

Yours truly,  
GEO. BROOKS.

## Talking in Strange Tongues.

AND AWAITING A REVELATION.

Of course the Mormons may have a revelation as well as the Spiritualists. A message from the spirit side of life is a revelation. It is said that strange sights were seen and strange sounds were heard April 9, in this city, at the international conference of the reorganized Mormon church then being held. Religious excitement ran high and many spoke in prophecy and in strange tongues. The songs in unknown tongues proclaiming praise to the Almighty for his goodness were continuous. One of the sisters told of marvelous cures brought about by laying on of hands by the ruling elders of the church. In the sick room she saw three figures, and they were angels entering her room. A circle of light was around their heads. One put out her hand and she was told to take it, and as she attempted to do so she received the word of God bidding her to open her eyes to the faith of Mormon. Elder Kemp spoke in tongues which were unintelligible to his hearers. Following Elder Kemp three sisters sang in a strange tongue. Sunday was declared to be a day of fasting and prayer to the Almighty that his spirit might prevail with the prophet and a revelation be given him. The church claims that the time has come when it is necessary to the faith that all church offices be filled. Joseph, the prophet, is evidently preparing for the revelation. For two days he has been fasting and sending up prayers for wisdom from on high. 2,000 people attended services at the temple on the evening of the 9th and religious excitement among the conference delegates ran high. The saints expect wonderful results to flow from this conference.

That this branch of Mormonism is free from many of the absurdities that afflicted the church under Brigham Young in Utah, is evident, and I can see no reason why there should not be an outpouring of the "spirit" upon it. Spiritualism, you know, is universal.

L. O.

*Independence, Mo.*

## I Am a Phenomenalist.

I am a phenomenalist, for I stand appalled before all nature and all of nature's works. In wonder and awe I stand before my Maker, simply an atom of life amid the wonderful phenomena of all things around me. The very fact of my existence is to me phenomenal. The fact of the reproduction of human life is to me a great phenomenon, and the fact that finite beings below the range of human vision are produced in the same manner, is to me a still greater phenomenon. There is not a blade of grass that grows but what, to my inner soul, is a phenomenon, and the beauties of flowers are materializations and phenomena that astonish me and fill my soul with awe towards the infinite source that brings all things in nature to perfection.

Great minds attempt oftentimes the task of proving to the world that there is no truth in spiritual phenomena or spirit manifestations, yet each phenomenon and each manifestation show me as well as others that the human mind does not comprehend all things in nature. Assumption and egotism often takes the place of knowledge and passes for such, until some day, alas! the bubble bursts and nothing is left.

One exclaims: "I am not a phenomenalist." How great such a mind must be that even the works of the Almighty does not disturb the cool equilibrium of his wonderful mind. The phenomena presented by our earth swinging in space, with thousands of worlds in perfect repose around it, does not disturb his thoughts. The glorious phenomena of the stellar space above us are to me beyond my comprehension, and yet the phenomena of a perfect globe of water, as it glistens as a dew drop in the morning on the flower, is as great a wonder; for the same force and intelligence that forms a dew drop forms a world.

Yes, I am a phenomenalist, and when I see phenomena designated as slate-writing, I accept it as a proof of a land of souls just beyond this, that is full of life and intelligence.

When I see a materialized form of a wife that has lived over in realms of light, I accept it as a vision and as truth, for from that form I get an intelligence that proves it a truth. I accept the phenomena regarded as clairvoyance and clairaudience, for I am both clairvoyant and clairaudient. I accept all phenomena that proves to me a Spirit-life; and I have no ax to grind in denying their truth; therefore, Brother Francis, set me down as a "Phenomenalist." J. W. DENNIS.

*Buffalo, N. Y.*

## About Free Silver Coinage.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has no political nor financial interest in the struggle now going on in Congress, but it has thoughts on that as on everything else that concerns the welfare of mankind, who ought to be a brotherhood if they are not. Neither silver nor gold have any intrinsic value beyond their use. If a man was starving to death on a desert island, he had rather have two potatoes than a mountain of gold, or an exhaustless vein of silver. But the value man's selfishness has agreed to give these ores is another matter. This value, born of selfishness, fostered by greed, and guarded by the meanest qualities of man's nature, is constantly changing as selfish man strives with his utmost power to gain something for nothing from his fellow. The trouble with legislative bills hitherto presented for consideration has been that there was an under dog in the fight. His kicking makes all the fuss. If no one was to get unfair advantage the struggle would cease.

To our mind a little pamphlet, entitled "Silver Made Gold by Truth and Honesty," by E. Huntington Pratt, embodies more of the idea of brotherhood as a basis of settlement for this question than anything we have ever seen. The argument runs through sixteen pages, and this is the gist:

"Let our government authorize forever free coinage of silver dollars containing as many grains of silver as our standard gold dollar will now buy, or would have bought upon the first day of January or July next preceding coinage."

"Let this number of grains of silver be coined by the government free for all United States citizens presenting the silver bullion; let each silver dollar have the year and number of grains stamped thereon, also words 'irreducibly redeemable by the United States government on any first day of January or July by giving six months previous written notice,' in as many grains of silver as one gold dollar of present standard of weight and of fineness will purchase upon such date as said notice will mature."

The arguments sustaining this novel proposition are clearly stated and logically made. If any of the big family of progressive thinkers would like to follow them through, a silver dime, or five two-cent stamps, sent to E. Huntington Pratt, 132 La Salle street, will give the opportunity.

## Michigan Items.

The Chicago and West Michigan Spiritualist and Religious Association held a special meeting at Ingram's Hall, Coloma, on the 10th inst. Sullivan Cook, of Hartford, was speaker of the day. In the forenoon the audience was small, and the speaker's thoughts somewhat scattered, as no subject was chosen. At noon a picnic dinner was served in the hall. Mr. Srivats, with his violin, and Mr. Ellis with his dulcimer, made good, jolly music, and the time went merrily until the afternoon meeting was called at half past one o'clock. Mr. Cook took the rostrum. The subject was, "Thought." The speaker handled it nicely, and without gloves. He illustrated his various phases by indulging at times in the humor of Josh Billings, the sarcasm of Paine, and the logic of Horace Greeley. The audience were interested and attentive.

D. BOYNTON, President.  
C. H. LEWIS, Secretary.



## GRAND TEMPLE ORDER OF THE MAGI.

1010 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

## BULLETIN TO THE PUBLIC.

We have made no reports since the 23d of last January under this head, and so many letters have been sent in, asking why we do not have something regarding the Order in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, that we feel the necessity of addressing the public. It is not the fault of the editor by any means; never has he been "found wanting" in any particular where he could benefit our cause. The fact is that we have been so overrun with work that we have not only lacked the time to write anything for publication, but, in addition, have thought it best to let the public of other States forget us as much as possible, so that we could do justice to our Chicago members.

No institution of any kind, I venture to say, ever located in Chicago before that was so

received in the kindest spirit imaginable, and by such noble and intelligent people. How little does the outside world know of the warm hearts and mystic minds that exist in this great city. We have been here over a year now, and in all that time no contribution has ever been asked, and no subscription taken in behalf of our Order. Our only care has been to prevent our generous and kind-hearted members from doing too much for the good of the cause. The Temple indebtedness is partly paid, and the balance funded at six per cent, entirely held by members of the Order.

Under these circumstances we feel that we

ought not to neglect our Chicago members in the least, but make the Temple convocations as instructive as possible. A regular series of consecutive lectures have been started in the first degree, to continue two or three months. New maps and charts are in preparation to aid illustrating the lectures.

All this, and the necessity of soon getting

out the book of Temple lectures, obliges me to announce

## NO MORE HOROSCOPES.

No more orders for horoscopes will be taken from this date. The calculations involved in casting and delineating horoscopes consume much time that can not well be spared from the Temple work.

No more astral or card readings will be given, except it be to initiated members, by special appointment.

I still have a supply of the "Order of the Magi" editions, printed separately for us by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which will be sent to any address on receipt of price: Single copy 4 cents, 6 for 15 cents.

We have some of each of the lectures left, except the one on "Vibrations;" 4 cents per lecture, 6 for 20 cents, one set.

## TEMPLE CONVENTIONS.

First degree: First and third Sundays in each month, at 3 p. m.

Second degree: Second and fourth Sundays in each month, at 3 p. m.

Higher degrees each Wednesday, at 7:30 p. m. Bulletin or blanks sent for application for membership to those enclosing stamp.

Several of our Grand Temple initiates have moved to California, where we are sure they will be received with pleasure by our coast members. Among these are Dr. Cheney, of Lansingburgh, N. Y.; Brother and Sister Chapman, of Michigan, all advanced thinkers and mystics. We have not yet received their exact locations in their new homes.

An announcement will soon be made regarding the building of the new Grand Temple that is now being considered. The immense success that has attended our humble efforts thus far has rendered it absolutely necessary that we soon have a much larger and better appointed Temple nearer to the business center.

Watch the indicator!

Fraternally yours, O. H. RICHMOND,

Central Park, Ill.

Price \$1.00.

*The Cause at Rochester, N. Y.*

The anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism was not celebrated by the Society of Psychical Research, of Rochester, N. Y., until April 14th, when a large meeting was held. The president was not present on account of severe illness, and R. D. Jones presided and made some introductory remarks.

He was followed by H. W. Annis in an able address. Mr. Annis was formerly a prominent Methodist clergyman, but for several years past he has been an avowed and firm believer in Spiritualism.

Mrs. Cornelia Gardner, a well-known speaker

on the Spiritual platform, read an original

poem of great merit. Mr. Clackner was the

next speaker. His lecture was illustrated by a number of lantern slides, portraits of the Fox family, a picture of the house at Hydesville, Wayne county, where the Rochester rappings were first heard, and many other views of interest. Mr. Clackner had taken

great pains in preparing these slides especially

for this occasion, and he received a deserved

vote of thanks. Besides the portraits and

views of appropriate sentences were

thrown upon the canvass. One of these read:

"Subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and be happy."

Dr. F. L. H. Willis

## THE TWO GREAT FORCES.

They Will Yet Rule the World.

### They Are Electricity and Spiritualism.

ONE A FORCE IN NATURE AND THE OTHER A FORCE IN MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

To the EDITOR:—There are two great factors in the world—one electricity, and the other Spiritualism; one will yet reign supreme in physics and the other in morals. As to the former, in its multifarious manifestations, the New York Sun sets forth:

Twenty years ago men of science, and a good many others, well knew that of all the phases which energy can assume, electricity is most to be preferred for various practical uses. They were familiar with the easy insulation of electricity, its all but instantaneous transmission, its conversion at will into motive power, light or heat, and its utility in uniting or severing the elements of the chemist. And yet what might be man's best and universal servant was then employed at little more than conveying telegrams and plating base metals with silver and gold. To-day, at last, electricity is entering upon its work in earnest, is harnessed for the tasks of factory and mine, the drudgery of the household; gives tractions in cities a new cleanliness and controllability; provides its brilliant light more and more widely; and in its intense heat enables the metal worker to shape and join copper and steel as if he were handling wax.

The age of electricity was to dawn only when the subtle current should feed on coal instead of on costly zinc. This result gradually came about as the magneto-electric machine of Faraday grew into the practically perfect dynamo of to day. Used reversedly, this 'nemo' is the motor for the workshop or the street-car. Electric traction now serves forty per cent of the street railroad mileage of this country; and safety alone, not the pace of horses, is the consideration limiting the speed of travel. For competition with the steam locomotive a motor of new design is now under construction for standard service. If successful it will inaugurate long distance traction by electricity. Experiments with electric motors were tried on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad in 1889. Were they resumed now when electric engineering has so signalized, it is probable that no question of the superiority of electric to steam locomotion would remain.

As electricity is derived from the motive power of steam engines, the recent progress in their construction and management has borne a part in electrical development scarcely less important than the perfecting of the dynamo. Adopting the best marine models, the electrical engineer now designs an engine of vast dimensions, and operates it with steam at a pressure of 200 pounds or more, used expansively in a series of three or even four cylinders. The consequence is that he is steadily approaching the point where a pound of good coal will yield a horse-power for an hour. Erected in groups in the suburbs of great cities, and coupled directly with their dynamos, such engines could supply electricity so cheaply as immensely to widen the demand. Indeed, except for warming buildings, and perhaps for cooking, there is no good reason why fuel should be burned in cities at all. Mr. John Van Vleck, a leading electrician of New York, estimates that should every house in this metropolis receive its current of electricity as it now takes in its steam of Croton, the present price could be reduced at least three-quarters.

In transmitting, as in producing electricity, invention has of late years been constantly approaching perfection. A current at high pressure being conveyed almost as well as one at low pressure, a contrivance was needed whereby the change from low pressure to high could be easily brought about. This want is met in the transformer, the germ of which lies in the induction coil, which startles the onlooker by seizing a feeble wave of electricity and sharpening it to the intensity of lightning.

To transformers of new and excellent pattern is largely to be credited the famous feat performed by the German electricians last summer—the conveyance of a current from Lauffen to Frankfort, a distance of 110 miles, with a loss of but 28 per cent. This current was supplied by a waterfall on the Neckar, a fact which suggests how broad a field electricity has before it in America, in utilizing limitless water-power now running to waste. For wherever a wire can be carried, through swamps or forest, across river or chasm, there its force as electricity may be transported with inappreciable loss to workshop, mine or farm.

When, ten years ago, electricity was first put on tap in New York, it was used solely for light, and its purveyor still calls itself an illuminating company; but the tide is fast becoming a misnomer. One-third of the current now sold is employed as motive power. Other applications, too, multiply constantly, with the effect of lowering the cost of supply not only by enlarging the demand, but by making that demand more uniform. To arc and incandescent lighting there is promise that soon a consumer will be able to add the auroral glow to which, from the electrician who has created it, the name of the Tesla effect is given. This Tesla effect, while as yet far from rivaling the incandescent filament in brilliancy, appears to have no wasteful alliance with heat, and this is one reason why electricians await with eager interest the further experiments of its creator.

If, in getting intense light from electricity, it could be had only as incidental to intense heat, what was annoying waste to one inventor served to suggest to another how a new task could be performed, or how an old task with greater ease and nicety. In the hands of Elihu Thomson electric heat is a means of welding and brazing, of executing critical repairs to a screw propeller or an engine, with a new ad-

vantage, the ability to bring the welder to its work instead of having to take the work to its welder. And if to-day aluminum and its valuable alloys are sold at a mere fraction of their price ten years ago, we must thank the heat of the electric furnace.

In its original role as an aid to the chemist, electricity is ever conquering new fields. The current applied in a simple way supersedes troublesome and roundabout processes, as in a recently devised method of obtaining caustic potash and bleaching powder. It purifies metals as heat can not, furnishing the electrician with conductors of unsurpassable quality. Directed upon what the metallurgist was wont to regard as waste products, it gleans particles of copper, silver and gold until they reach goodly value. It enables the statuary to exchange the dire heat of the foundry for the pleasant temperature of the electroplating bathhouse, where busts and groups tons in weight are executed with a refinement novel in plastic art. Turning to the mechanic, who has done so much to free it from its fetters, electricity repays its debt with interest. Because electric mechanism is sensitive not only to the slightest palpable motion, but to the minutest trace of heat, or the faintest glimmer of light, it is embodied in a host of ingenious contrivances. One of them registers the feeble thermal ray received from Arcturus, another decides the moment when stars less bright than Arcturus cross the focus of a telescope. In devising automatic apparatus, as for propelling and steering a torpedo, electricity provides the inventor with a resource exquisite in delicacy and responsiveness as compared with mechanism in which a nervous system is lacking. In bringing an instrument or a machine to the point where it asks but a touch to start, apply, or stop it, electricity makes man an initiator pure and simple. Is not this marvelous servant so fast driving man of every burden of unintelligent toil that he will soon be able to reserve himself for creative tasks alone?

With all these facts, who can doubt the statement that electricity is to be the one great force of the future? If not yet satisfied as to our conclusions, ponder over the following account from a magazine bearing the name *Electricity*:

"One of the most delicate surgical operations ever performed in San Francisco was that to which A. Bachm, a patient at the City and County Hospital, was subjected recently. The operation was remarkable in that an endoscope, or small electric light, was used during the process. This was thrust into the thoracic cavity, and by its illumination the action of the heart and lungs was plainly visible. This is the first case reported on the Pacific Coast where the electric endoscope was used in difficult surgery with beneficial results."

Bachm was afflicted with an abscess, which had formed in the pleural cavity and attacked the left lung. The operation was an exceedingly dangerous one, and in order not to shock the patient no mention of the intention of the physicians was made to him.

The sick man was quickly anaesthetized, and the inflamed breast was exposed to view. A discoloration on the left side showed that the trouble lay under the tissue in that direction, and Dr. Ellinwood began operations at once by making two deep incisions crosswise, from which the blood spurted in streams. Several of the larger blood-vessels were necessarily cut, but these were quickly ligatured with Dr. Stillman's assistance. The flaps of flesh were laid to one side, exposing the third rib to view. This rib was resected for three inches, and when it was cut away a dark and bloody opening was revealed, through which the thoracic cavity and the space between the lungs could be seen. Dr. Hirshfelder inserted the endoscope through the opening in Bachm's breast and the light was turned on, illuminating the interior of the cavity with remarkable distinctness.

The heart worked slowly owing to the effect of ether. The aorta dilated and fell with every heart-beat. The lung was also plainly visible. During the one hour and a half consumed in making the operation the action of the heart was distinctly visible, and the unusual sight was the subject of much comment upon the part of the operators and spectators.

"When the process was completed and every vestige of pus removed, the endoscope was withdrawn, and the opening in Bachm's breast closed. The operation was a highly successful one in every particular, and Bachm's condition shows that he is gaining strength."

Yes, electricity is yet to be the one great factor in administering to the wants and comfort of mankind, while Spiritualism will deal with ethics; will give all a foresight to their future home, and prepare them to live in a manner that will make them most happy as well as useful.

A. L. D.

## 10,000 FIRST EDITION.

### The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

I have the pleasure to announce to the friends who have so generously and zealously seconded the undertaking, that the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" will be ready for delivery by the 25th of April. It will make 192 pages, and the printing, paper, and general make-up, I hope, will meet the expectations of the subscribers.

The risk in sending silver coin or currency by letter is so slight, that I suggest sending in that way rather than taking the extra expense for post-office orders or postal notes.

Those who wish to distribute the book as a missionary work, or to act as agents, may address as below. Subscribers will please accept this as the notice I promised, and the grateful thanks which I would, were it possible, individually express to them. Address

HUDSON TUTTLE,  
Berlin Heights, Ohio.



Reading What the People Say of The Progressive Thinker.

M. W. Hilliker writes: I herewith enclose one dollar to renew my subscription to the paper. I cannot do without the paper; it comes each month laden with spiritual food, and is enjoyed by all the family. Many very pleasant evenings we spend in reading aloud its beautiful teachings, and discussing the merits of the same. Long may it live to shed its sunshine into the homes of the world, and better the conditions of humanity. God and the angels bless you in your noble work.

E. F. Pugh: I am much pleased with the frank and lucid way in which you are expounding the cause of Spiritualism, and esteem it a high privilege to encourage the advocacy of those higher soul principles which prove unquestionably the immortality and final restoration of all.

L. Q. Armstrong, M. D.: I feel interested in multiplying the number of subscribers to your paper, which cannot fail to impress the minds favorably of all who will carefully weigh the sentiments expressed through it, and better the condition of society in which the good seed of truth and knowledge is disseminated.

Allen T. Hall: I do not see how we can do without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the best spiritual paper published in the States.

Mrs. D. Hayward: I find your paper contains many beautiful messages of comfort. It is full of those things that tend to elevate the soul. I think the "Twilight Musings" are full of the spiritual, and the poetry the paper contains is full of truth.

M. E. Taylor: Heaven be praised for the day when THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER started on the way with its beams of illuminating light, to banish the clouds of mental night.

Lucretia F. Tyler: I have taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from the very first, and I must say it grows better and better. Although good at first, and as compared with other papers, it is far in advance of them all.

W. A. Shrader: Having been a subscriber for your valuable paper for nearly two years, I can say that I am highly pleased with the light and truth that is gleaned from its pages. I thought perhaps a word from our city would find a place in your columns to let our brothers and sisters know in other cities about our advancement. We feel grateful to say that our society, the First Spiritual Church of Louisville, is steadily growing, and there are in our midst a great many more not belonging to our society that have begun seeking into this beautiful belief. We have with us a lecturer and test medium, Mrs. Hamilton Gill, of Chicago. She has done great credit to both herself and the society.

W. L. Williams: Don't stop THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for God's sake. We would have to break up keeping house without it.

Dr. J. W. Scally: I have had the pleasure of reading several of your papers, and I would say that I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER better than I do any Spiritualist paper we have seen. We think it is both progressive and eclectic. No person of a progressive turn of mind should be without it.

A. J. Van Duzee: I will say that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER suits me to a T. You can never estimate the amount of good you are doing this side of spirit-life. I was a soldier in the late war, and am not able to labor; have been sick all winter. The above parties I pay for are relatives. I am quite sure that if each true Spiritualist who is able would pay for three, you would have all you could do to conduct the paper.

J. F. Mason: I received your card, considered its contents carefully, and referred the matter to a committee for decision—committee 89 years of age, with crippled limbs and empty purse! I must abide and say, discontinue my paper. Since writing the foregoing my daughter, with whom I am living, says: "Tell him to continue the paper and I will send the money." Thank the kind woman. She says: "Tell Bro. Francis we hope to be able to take his paper as long as we live. We like the paper, read and send it all over."

Ira Van Dusen: I would rather old Joshua would try his hand at stopping the sun and moon than have your paper stop.

W. W. Shippey: We cannot do without your refreshing, soul-elevating paper.

Isaac Perry: I will enclose you one dollar for a year's subscription for the best paper I ever saw. I will not be without it as long as I can get a dollar to pay for it.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilson: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a welcome visitor, and we all appreciate the food for thought you are giving us every week. You must not fail in this good work, and I am assured you will not.

Geo. R. Bennett: I feel in duty bound to support such a "beacon light" as your paper, for God's truth is in it, and I can see it, if I am an infidel, and hope millions more will see it, and help you to fruther its blessed light against the hosts of darkness and black superstition.

W. A. Forbes: There are three other papers coming in my house every week, but yours is the first to be read.

Albert Francks: I am a subscriber of your admirable and good paper. I think it ought to be read in every home. The time will come when your efforts will be crowned with success.

L. P. Wheelock: I am greatly pleased to note the remarkable growth and success of your paper. May its field be enlarged till its influence is felt and recognized in every home in the land. Keep straight ahead; you are doing a grand work for humanity.

Mr. James Lewis: My best wishes for the prosperity of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which is doing a great work in our country.

C. F. Kennedy: As for myself, the paper has opened my eyes considerably.

Sarah A. Hobart: Fortunately I have just come into possession of a one dollar bill, and I forward it to you for the continuance of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Being a cripple and shut out from almost everything that makes life pleasant, your paper is more than doubly welcome. The articles from Col. Ingersoll and Judge Rosecrans are either of them worth the price of the paper, saying nothing of a host of others.

In a dark corner I have found a notebook and pencil, and here I sit and write. I can hear a fellow reporter telling the editor that "Edwards has just been found dead;" the news came through the phone a minute ago. They

## A DEAD MAN'S STORY.

He Killed Himself and Came Back to Write His Experience.

It was a chilly April evening and Park Row was crowded, says the New York *World*. A steady drizzle fell slowly, converting the streets into slimy pools into which the pedestrians splashed mournfully. Through the swinging doors of a great newspaper building surged a restless sea of humanity. Worn-out and discouraged I breasted my way through it to the editorial rooms.

I was a new man on the staff, and I had failed to get my story. My heart sank still lower as I entered my chief's presence; it was my third unsuccessful attempt.

"Couldn't get it, eh?" he remarked after hearing my report. "You seem to be having hard luck. I really don't know what to put you at now."

"Just try me once more," I begged, remembering that I was alone, friendless and penniless in the great city. "Just once more, and I'll work it out if I die for it."

Die for it. A bright thought had struck me. Yes, life wasn't worth living. I'd make a success for once—in death if not in life.

I mentioned my thought to my chief, and he laughed grimly. "You'll do," he said, evidently thinking I was joking. "Try anything you please."

How cold and damp the air was as I went out into the street again and turned towards Broadway. How was I to die, I pondered.

Poison was unpleasant, and a bullet made such a mess of one's appearance. I laughed aloud as I imagined my ladylike's horror on finding her floor stained with blood. Several men turned to wonder at my odd mirth in the mist and darkness. Once, in passing a brightly-lighted window, I caught sight of my face in the glass—a face so distorted, so wild, with bloodshot eyes, that I almost thought the family taint of insanity had claimed me for its victim at last. Perhaps it had; perhaps I was mad.

An icy chill shot through every nerve at the horrible thought. I dashed forward breathlessly until I brought up before my lonesome lodgings on a side street.

I stumbled through the narrow, dark halls to my room and opened my door, and as I did so the dampness of the chamber seemed like a breath from the grave. It was needless to light a match, for the moon had drifted from behind the clouds and shone full and bright through the dingy window. Its beams trembled on the bare floor, danced on the white bed, then crept up the wall in silent wavering shadows. They made me shiver as I sat down to think. To-night I must die. Then the reaction came, and I almost enjoyed the thought of the new experience, and gloated over the fact that I would be the first to write of travels in the great unknown.

My razor! I tried its keen edge and found that it could sever a floating hair. Then I sat down again and rolled up my threadbare sleeve. Bleeding, I had heard, was an easy death. I gave the artery a deep, sharp cut with the blade, and a stream of crimson struck my shirt; the arm dropped, and I watched the tiny stream trickling down my leg. It reached the floor and collected into a pool beneath the table.

I watched it overflow and start down the dusty planks, creeping out of the bright moonlight into the shadows beyond. It seemed a snake crawling to its den. Perhaps it was a snake—perhaps I dreamed.

A feeling of deadly weakness came over me. I glanced at the patch of moonlight in the cracked mirror, and saw a white face, from which shone a pair of gleaming eyes. Then a flash blinded me, and my head fell forward on the damp sill. I could hear a mighty roar, a roar like a giant Niagara, that surged and beat upon my maddened brain, a roar far above that of the great city below me. The boom of cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry and the roll of huge drums seemed gathered into a volume of sound. Like the waves of the raging sea it surged over me. Then silence came as suddenly—silence oppressive, intense.

Too weak to lift my head I turned it with a sigh and looked around the room. It seemed filled with a misty sheen, and through it floated strange dancing shadows. Flashing lights spun before my half-shut eyes. Then a gray mist seemed to swallow up everything, and I could hear the whirr of the presses as they ate up the vast piles of paper. I closed my eyes and listened. Was it a bell ringing? Slowly came every stroke, and it seemed to beat like a leaden hammer on my darkening brain. I was too weak to move my eyelids more than a hair-line, but I could see a mass of blazing fire, whose flames seemed to leap and dance and burn my very flesh. A chill that froze every drop of blood struck me, and for a second I felt the convulsions of a mighty struggle. Then blackness.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was standing on my own body—my body that had rolled from the chair and lay stiff and silent in the pool of blood beneath the table. I looked about without curiosity, without awe, and wondered what the reporters would say of that stiff, dead form, lying there in the moonlight—the form with the gleaming razor in the stiffened hand and the maniac's smile on the thin, hard face. In another instant I had left it there, passed through the closed door and out into the street. My motions were strangely light and free. The great building was blazing with light, and the reporters rushing to and fro as I entered. Many of them I knew, none knew or noticed me. The whole building seemed to shake with the roar of presses and the tramp of men.

In a dark corner I have found a notebook and pencil, and here I sit and write. I can hear a fellow reporter telling the editor that "Edwards has just been found dead;" the news came through the phone a minute ago. They

are talking now about giving me a funeral, and discussing the kind of coffin they will order.

I have almost finished my story, you see. I got it this time. Will the editor find these notes and know that I have kept my word? I hope so.

As I pen these last words I see the faint streaks of dawn breaking through the gray mist. What next? Where shall I go? I do not know. I only know that my work is done, and so I sign my first and last report

## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS  
IN LENA BIBLE'S STORY OF PIONEER  
LIFE.

## A MYSTERIOUS FAMILY

A Tale of Pioneer Life in South Michigan.  
BY LENA BIBLE.—NOW IN SPIRIT-LIFE  
CHAPTER VI.

### CONCLUSION.

After a few years, when roads were laid out through more wilderness, and public conveyances became more common, our friends managed by using great caution and shrewdness to send many things to us in this our far away home, which have added greatly to our comfort and pleasure.

The year following our settlement here, our little twin daughters, Maria and Mildred, or Wild Rose and Forest Lily, (the Indians name for them rendered into English), came to us. At that critical period, our Indian friends again proved invaluable to us, as my wife was ministered to attentively and with skill by the "Medicine Man" of the tribe and his squaw.

Dear Maria, as you see, is with us still, but little Millie only attained the age of three years. Then she was called away to dwell in the "home on beyond," from whence she seemed always only a pure and fair visitant. She had a broad, full brow, a classic profile, a sensitive mouth, and her head was covered by a profusion of curly, so golden, as to seem like an aureole around it, while her eyes rivaled the blue gentian flower in color, and in their depths lurked a mystic light which was accounted for when she showed, as she did as soon as she began to prattle, that spirit children shared her.

One day when I was at work in the clearing, my wife was startled by an outcry from little Maria. Hastening to the door, a procession met her view which filled her with terror. There, coming toward her, was Lion, bearing in his mouth the wet, dripping form of little Millie, followed by her sister, weeping and wringing her hands. My wife had noticed the children but the moment before playing near the door, but it appeared that after her attention was called in another direction, they had started out to find papa, and entreated by the beautiful flowers, had wandered to the creek, where little Millie, intent on reaching the "pittle posies" along its brink, had fallen in. Meantime, ever-faithful Lion having discovered their absence, at once set out in pursuit of them, arriving, however, at the fatal spot only in time to plunge into the water and secure the little one's insensible form, which he carefully conveyed to the shore, thence to the house, and finally laid at my wife's feet.

After which he turned, came rapidly to me, and grasping my sleeve between his teeth, pulled me in the direction of the house, and when I said, "Is something wrong there, old fellow?" he set up a low, deep and penetrating. At that I dropped my work and sped away with him, never stopping until I stood inside my cabin door. There I found Louise striving to restore Millie to consciousness. I, of course, at once added my efforts to hers, but it was long before we were rewarded by seeing the blue eyes fly open and the shadow of a smile play about the tiny mouth. From this she sank into a deep slumber, and we dared hope that no serious results would follow. The next morning, however, she was exceedingly hoarse, and grew rapidly worse. We summoned our old "Medicine Man." When he arrived he shook his head ominously, and remarked: "The Forest Lily is too fair and fragile for earth; her fragrance is already ascending to the garden above. She cannot much longer bloom by the wigwam of the pale face. She belongs to the 'Great Spirit.' He only lent her a while me 'told.' The Wild Rose," now he continued, "though beautiful and sweet, is yet an earth blossom; she will grow and mature into a queen rose, and her petals will wither ere she go to the happy hunting grounds."

Nevertheless he worked over our stricken Lily faithfully, but all to no purpose. On the third day of her illness she roused from the torpor which had thus far entrapped her little mind, and smiling up into my face, reached her little arms to me, lisping: "Papa take." When I had done so, she exclaimed: "Beautiful little girl, lovely lady come to take Millie where sweet flowers grow; don't 'oo see um, papa, mamma?" "Oo mustn't cry for Millie. Dood doggie, Lion, try to keep Millie here, but she must go." This remark she addressed to Lion, who had come to her side and stood gazing at her. At this he looked up into my face and whined pitifully; then lay down with his head in his paws, as though full of sorrow.

Soon the gentle spirit of our little darling was wafted away from earth. But my clairvoyant gift, operating again for me, I beheld the transition; saw beautiful spirits clasp her in loving arms, prominent among them grandmother, who said to me: "My son, this seems a dark trial hour to thee, but thou hast two other bright blossoms to remain and bless thy earth-life. This one is too frail and delicate for the storms of your mundane world to toss about. Dost thou not behold that parental guardianship is still hers? She will not suffer at the separation, for to her it will not be such, as we shall often bring her to repose in thy arms and those of thy dear wife. See her now, with that band of children, happy in their play among the flowers."

I told Louise of the message and re-peated it to her. It comforted us more than words can express. We laid the form of our treasure beneath the bosom of "mother earth," while lovely wild flowers swung their censors above, fit emblems of the sweet little life so brief for earth, but now translated to bowers supernal.

Eighteen years have elapsed since my memorable visit to old Virginia. Louis has been home very little since his twelfth year, as he was then placed under the charge of his grandfather, who for seven years kept him away, under the vigilant eye of good tutors, after which he secured for him a situation where he could acquire a thorough knowledge of the art (civil engineering) for which he had a natural talent. All those years the poor boy could not be permitted to pay us any but short, flying visits, and them only by dint of dexterous management, and plausible reasoning, although loving hearts were waiting with much solicitude for the annual return of those visits, never ceasing, meantime, to pray for the day to speedily arrive when, without fear of bringing discovery, and therefore ruin upon us all, we might fold the dear absent one in a long and loving embrace. That day has at length come, thanks to the great Spirit who with fatherly compassion remembers and pities, whether suffering under the galling bands which relentlessly circumstances have woven round us, or from "man's inhumanity to man," which, it is said, "makes countless mourn." It matters not, but had the blood-curdling revelation been allowed to come to the ear of the public prior to his interment, there would not have been so much show and ostentation permitted in the observance of his funeral obsequies. All that remains for us now to do, neighbors, indeed, all that we can do, is to make such restitution as is within our power; and that is to at once reinstate Mr. DeVigne, the innocent victim of a jealous man's dark, vindictive purpose, in our confidence and sympathy, which is his rightful desert.

"Many facts have been related to us within the last few days, by the respected mother and sister of our old time friend and associate; of his precipitate flight into the Northern woods, inhabited only by their native, uncivilized red men and wild beasts, and of his lonely wanderings, and subsequent adoption by a human tribe of Indians.

It is no longer necessary for us to shut our neighbors and all society. This community shall no longer have occasion to look upon us with suspicion and wonder. We are now at liberty to henceforth appear in our real character. To wholly and without reserve throw off the mask which has so long and faithfully served the purpose for which it was designed. But, alas! it has nevertheless been worn as a galling yoke, so distressing, indeed, as to many times seem no longer durable; but it is forever at an end now, a crisis has come, and a new era dawned, when we can with confidence appear before the world, realizing that there is nothing to make us afraid.

The last night these dear young people spent with us, Louis, as you already know, returned home and was the happy bearer of glad tidings; indeed, such as will change the whole tenor of our lives.

I shall soon be on my way to Virginia, the place of my birth. I long once more to greet my aged mother and beloved sister. My dear father is no longer the denizen of a material body, for he has passed on to his reward in that "house not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens." His happiness is limitless that our day of darkness has gone forever.

All that remains for me in the way of honoring his memory here, is to visit his tomb, which is in the little cemetery on the old plantation. But, joy unspeakable, I know of the resurrection of his spirit to life everlasting, which all must have. Yet he is one who will begin far up the ladder of progression over there, for his life here was replete with good deeds, self-sacrifice, and sweet patience. His religion was not of creeds, but of humanity.

"Now, my friends," said Mr. DeVigne, (for his name by which he had hitherto been known was an assumed one), "I have related the principal events, nearly as possible as they transpired, for a period of a little more than a score of years, which brings us to that glad time, when I may drop the shackles which untoward circumstances forced upon me, and assume natural, God-given powers.

"Therefore I now stand in your midst an undisguised, honest man."

When Mr. DeVigne had finished relating the story of his past hard and painful experience, which had often called forth exclamations, alternately of indignation, wonder and deep pity, from his auditors, he withdrew from the room, though only again to reappear at the end of a few moments; but so much changed that his listeners not already recognized from the narrative that probably a still greater surprise awaited them, by the metamorphosis of the narrator, they surely never could have guessed that the fine looking middle-aged gentleman, with dark hair slightly threaded with gray, was the same individual who had a short time before given them the above history.

"I rejoice that I shall no longer be under the painful necessity," he continued, "of appearing in an assumed character. I am inexpressibly happy that the long-prayed-for way has at length opened, when I may, without reserve or fear, mingle with my good neighbors in a manner to prove the fact that I, too, have a mission to perform and a place to fill, notwithstanding that the day is far spent when the brave pioneers, who with untiring bravery and dauntless courage pressed their way through all difficulties, to the front, so much required the earnest co-operation and kindly council of those about them."

A few days only had elapsed after the arrival of the package of papers from which we have been quoting, when a traveling carriage containing two gentlemen and a gray-haired negro driver appeared in the usually quiet neighborhood, occasioning, naturally, considerable wonderment. But after having inquired the road to Mr. DeVigne's home, they made no more halts until finally they alighted at his door.

These visitors were the parties chosen by the Virginia people to negotiate in their behalf for a restoration of good and fraternal feeling between all parties concerned, the reader has doubtless already inferred, and also that the driver was none other than old Joseph, who had begged to be allowed "to go to Norl, to Massa George's plantation in de woods."

We will now return to Eleanor, whom we left at the beginning of our story seated by a window of her lovely rural home, absorbed in a retrospective reverie.

Suddenly she is aroused by a pair of hands coming quickly over her eyes, while a merry voice exclaims: "Guess who?" removing the hands, Madge is disclosed to her vision. "Why! Gypsies?" Yes, old dog," she responded; but the saucy intruder just then catching sight of good Mrs. McDonald and shouting: "Oh! Mamma," rushes into the motherly arms outstretched to receive her. Just then Eleanor felt strong arms seize her and "dear little wife" sounds in her ears. "You, too, Louis," she exclaims, and now we have Louis DeVigne upon the scene, who, the reader, no doubt, has before this surmised has become Eleanor's husband.

Yes, for two years she has been his happy, wedded companion; and now he and Madge (for so persistent were her entreaties, she was allowed by her fond and indulgent parents to accompany him) have just returned from escorting Alonzo McDonald and his lovely bride (she being none other than sweet Maria DeVigne) far as Cincinnati on their way to Virginia, where they have gone to spend some time with "Grandmother and Aunt Fanny" at the old homestead; the latter of whom has become quite content and happy, as she has been made aware that her lover, almost husband by earthly law, and really so by spiritual attraction, is frequently with her in spirit, and is preparing "a home over there" for her, around which flowers of love are ever twining.

The great and sudden change which had come to the DeVigne family soon became the source of much gossip and honest wonder throughout the vicinity. But not many days elapsed, however, when everything was explained by the arrival of a messenger bearing a large package of papers, which had been sent from Virginia, with instructions to see

to it that they be circulated universally throughout the neighborhood and surrounding country. They contained an article of infinite importance! The death-bed confession of Richard Noles, the details of which were truly appalling and heart-breaking in the extreme.

The wretched man had suffered almost beyond the power of human imagination to picture, the papers said, and that he had also for many years caused his aged father's life to become almost intolerable from his unfilial behavior; and indeed, had himself grown prematurely old and repulsive, both mentally and physically. Finally death, the result of remorse, long preying upon his conscience, had released his turbulent spirit from its material tenement, while he was yet but in the prime of manhood.

An editorial article in the same paper thus: "Who, fellow-citizens, are there among us whose souls have not, within the past few days, been stirred to their very centers, with conflicting emotions, sorrow, indignation and regret, all intermingled, when the facts came to our knowledge (through Richard Noles' dying confession) concerning that long ago dark tragedy?

"Who would have supposed that the rich man, who has just been buried with so much pomp, and who could command the attention of such a vast concourse of people as followed his remains to their last resting-place, was the identical party who so many years ago murdered Herbert, Noles? Ah! none. But had the blood-curdling revelation been allowed to come to the ear of the public prior to his interment, there would not have been so much show and ostentation permitted in the observance of his funeral obsequies. All that remains for us now to do, neighbors, indeed, all that we can do, is to make such restitution as is within our power; and that is to at once reinstate Mr. DeVigne, the innocent victim of a jealous man's dark, vindictive purpose, in our confidence and sympathy, which is his rightful desert.

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"We see that in the extremity of life we are to be with the spirit-world, and that the soul of the deceased is to be with the angels of light, and that the body is to be with the angels of darkness.

"A spirit who has been with us for many years, and who has been a constant comfort to us, has now passed on to the spirit-world, and we are to be with him there.

"But here we have a case in point, for who can doubt that the same hand which commissioned the raven in old times, to carry food to the famishing wanderers in desert places, directed the course of this worthy man, in a way where was human suffering which he might generously relieve, and thus insure for himself the lasting friendship and protection of a people whose numbers are legion, and who it is said never forget a kindness?

"We see, too, that the same omniscient power has finally worked the downfall of one whose purpose it was to encompass the ruin of a guiltless man, and that man, too, his bosom companion, almost brother. Truly, though the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind exceedingly well."

"Again, it has been resolved, without one dissenting vote among the whole populace, that two of our most able and competent citizens shall be delegated to go to our deeply-wronged friend of long ago, in his far-away rural home, and proffer to himself and family in the name of the people where he was born and reared, such amends, for their rash and unwarrantable condemnation on so slight a provocation, in view of the fact that his deportment had ever been manly and true, and so free from deception as to have in all justice and reason proved a safeguard against every hastily-formed conclusion, deleterious to his reputation.

"Yes, all reparation that is possible, both by way of sympathy and material offerings as well, shall be rendered unto him."

"All that remains for me in the way of honoring his memory here, is to visit his tomb, which is in the little cemetery on the old plantation. But, joy unspeakable, I know of the resurrection of his spirit to life everlasting, which all must have. Yet he is one who will begin far up the ladder of progression over there, for his life here was replete with good deeds, self-sacrifice, and sweet patience. His religion was not of creeds, but of humanity.

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"I rejoice that I shall no longer be under the painful necessity," he continued, "of appearing in an assumed character. I am inexpressibly happy that the long-prayed-for way has at length opened, when I may, without reserve or fear, mingle with my good neighbors in a manner to prove the fact that I, too, have a mission to perform and a place to fill, notwithstanding that the driver was none other than old Joseph, who had begged to be allowed "to go to Norl, to Massa George's plantation in de woods."

To open the theatres on Sunday evening is unjustifiable. It is wrong for a purely secular State to make any law enforcing the religious observance of days. It would be wrong even if the great majority of the people regarded such observance as an obligation. In fact the great majority of the people in this city do not so regard it. An overwhelming majority of them, including a multitude of Christian church members, have no conscientious scruples whatever about attending any place of innocent amusement on Sunday evening.

"Apart from the essential wrong of the law which closes the theatres on Sunday is unjustifiable. It is wrong for a purely secular State to make any law enforcing the religious observance of days. It would be wrong even if the great majority of the people regarded such observance as an obligation. In fact the great majority of the people in this city do not so regard it. An overwhelming majority of them, including a multitude of Christian church members, have no conscientious scruples whatever about attending any place of innocent amusement on Sunday evening.

"The cities of the West are far in advance of us in this respect. In most of them the theatres are open quite as a matter of course. The sojourner at the hotel is not condemned to an evening of stupor. The citizen who has done his work through the week is free to take his family to see the play, to be happy for a time, to recuperate his energies with merriment, to instruct himself, to break the monotony of a life of toil with an evening of recreation, to make of Sunday a real day of rest for himself and his loved ones.

"Why should New York, a city otherwise so largely liberal, linger in the pale shadow of puritanical intolerance? Why should life be made an unbroken desert of dullness to the great army of toilers who dwelt here? Why should the narrow-mindedness of a past age hold in mortmain the rights and liberties of nineteenth-century men and women?

"It is time to revise our Sunday laws in the light of modern intelligence and modern customs. It is time for the State to take its hands off things with which it has no proper concern.

"The Sunday laws of an enlightened American State should impose the least possible restraint upon the liberty of the citizen, the least restraint consistent with the maintenance of order."

**YOU SHOULD READ IT.**  
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tercourse. Contents: Guardianship of Spirits; Discernment of Spirits; Spiritual Miracles; Psychical Research; Psychical Phenomena; Psychical and Sympathetic Spirits; Formation of Circles; Assurance of the Dead; A Voice from the Spirit-land; True Religion. The work has been translated into French and German. Contains an account of the very wonderful Spiritual Developments at the house of Rev. Dr. Phelps, Stratford, Conn., and similar cases from America, Europe, and elsewhere. Price \$1.00. Postage 10 cents. For sale at this office.

whom it had been taken, "ain't I glad Lou ain't a bear though, for if he was, I just know he'd eat Maria, the way he kept lookin' at her." At this there was a general laugh, and Eleanor said something about "little pitchers;" though at the same time kissing the child, whose mischievous disposition rendered her like a gleam of sunshine in the family.

"Father and Mother De Vigne" still live in the beautiful valley. But there now stands a pretty farm house in place of the old one which served them so long and faithfully. The new one was erected by a society of his boyhood friends, who came up from Virginia with the necessary funds, while Mr. De Vigne and family were on a visit to their old home, and pushed the work so rapidly that on their return the house was quite ready for them to occupy. Their astonishment was indeed great, not having had the first inkling of what was being transacted at their Northern home during their absence. It was well understood by all Mr. De Vigne's friends that he could not be induced to abandon his beloved home among the hills which had so long proved an asylum for them all. Then, too, he was loth to go where his faithful and prized Indian friends would be unable to visit him, for though gone from that immediate neighborhood to one where civilization had not reached so far as to destroy their hunting grounds, were not so remote but that they sometimes appeared beneath his roof, where they were always honored and welcome guests.

Now, dear reader, should you ever travel that way, just call on this hospitable family. It will do your heart good to sit down to their well-filled table and listen to the genial old gentleman's tales of other days, and dissertations on the importance of doing good in the world and of living not unto self alone; or of allowing circumstantial evidence alone to condemn one suspected of crime or wrong, especially when experience or examination would prove such an one's former behavior such as would bespeak honesty and integrity of purpose. No doubt, he often avers, innocent people have been plunged into eternity at the end of a rope or other means, where circumstantial evidence was the power that drew the noose tight round their necks. And he concludes: "It is barbarity to take life for any event."

And there also you may discover by no means the least notable of the actors in the life drama above portrayed, namely, Lion, who, like an old veteran soldier, honorably laid off from active duty, usually reposes on a couch reserved especially for him.

**Sunday a Fiction of the Imagination.**

That Sunday is a fiction of the imagination is rendered evident by a little thought. Time is continuous, homogeneous, without beginning or end, and one portion no more sacred than the rest. Like the segments of a circle, the whole being equal to all its parts, so are all parts of time the same, the sum of all seconds constituting eternity. As *The World* says:

"To a very large part of the people New York is a deadly dull city on Sunday evening. Thanks to 'blue laws' and to customs born of blue laws, all the theatres and most of the concert rooms are closed. For those who are not moved to attend church there is nowhere to go, nothing to do—nowhere, that is to say, whither men and women of refinement are attracted, nothing that such men and women desire to do."

The result with self-controlled persons is an evening of dull deprivation. With persons of less self-control it is apt to be something very much worse. In default of good places to go they go to bad places. For want of elevating entertainment they seek entertainment that is far from elevating.